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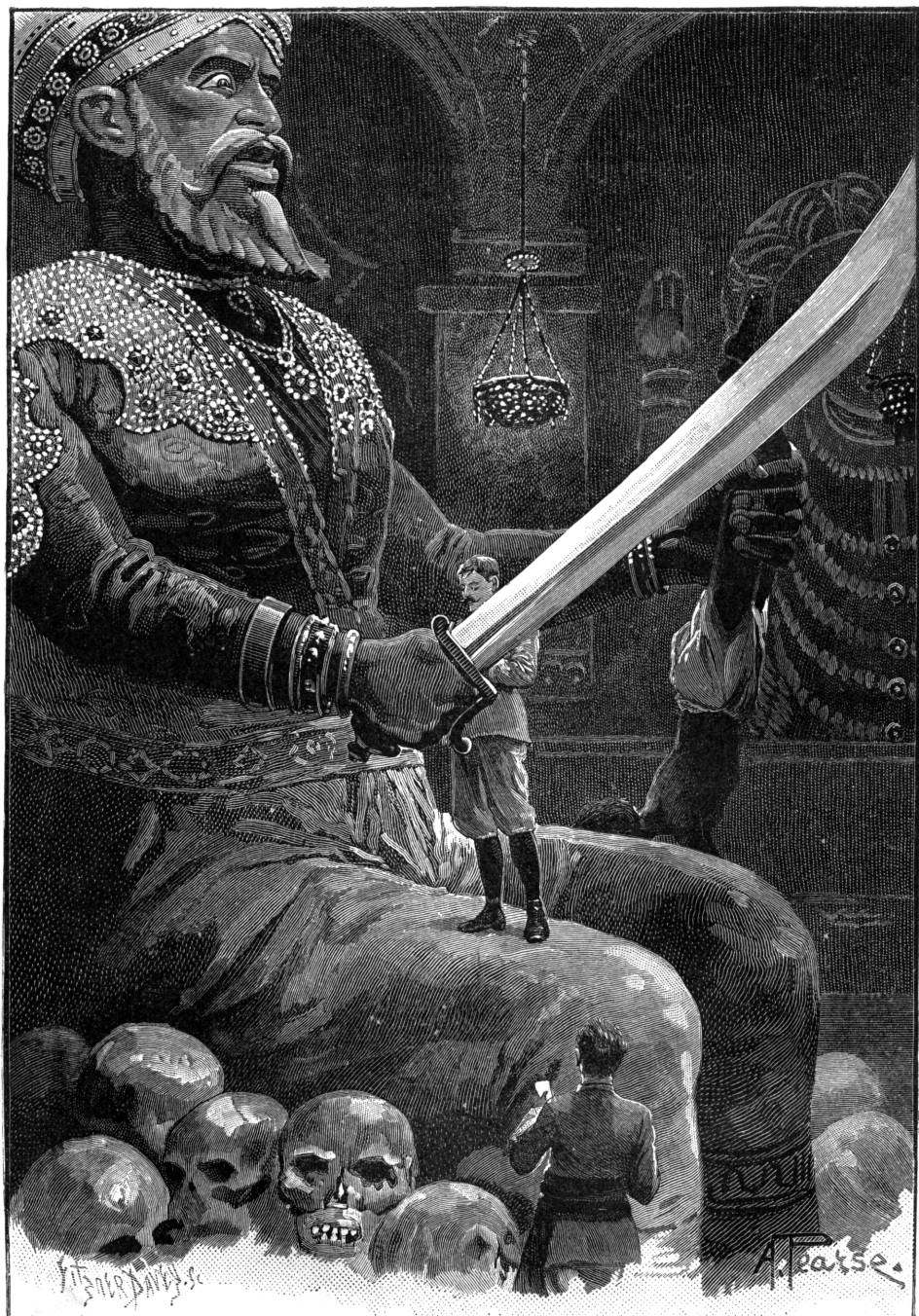
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1892



THE IDOL AT DELHI.

Shafts from an Eastern Quiver.

V.—THE SWORD-HILT OF THE IDOL AT DELHI.

BY CHARLES J. MANSFORD, B.A.

I.

I AM sorry that we could not persuade Hassan to join us in this attempt," I said to Denviers; "he is a strange character in some respects, but I have no doubt his knowledge of these Hindu temples would have been of great service to us in this scrape. I wonder if we shall escape with our lives?"

"Can't say, Harold," responded my companion; "we are evidently in for it at present. Look at that treacherous guide—how I wish we could hear what he is telling the Brahmins! We were fools to trust him, in face of what Hassan said to the contrary, when he endeavoured to dissuade us from entering the temple. It was a religious scruple entirely which influenced our own guide when he refused to come—the Arab is brave enough otherwise!"

"Never mind, Frank," I replied; "if things come to the worst we shall die game, no doubt, but I certainly would prefer to continue our adventures and travels to being finished off by these fanatics. What villainous countenances they have!"

We were prisoners in a temple near Delhi. After seeing the wonderful rock of Hestra, we started next day in the direction of the Suliman Mountains. Thence we proceeded to Lahore, and, crossing

the Punjab, paid a visit to the great fair of Hurdwar, and were now at the sacred city of Delhi, in a difficulty which threatened to effectually terminate our wanderings. We had a special reason for visiting this temple, for during our travels in Persia we had been entertained on one occasion by a famous Parsee at Shiraz. From him we obtained certain information which inspired us with the suicidal notion that we could penetrate into a Hindu temple, succeed in abstracting from it a long-hidden treasure, and thus have sufficient wealth at our disposal to enable us to indulge in whatever travels we cared to undertake without interfering with the proceeds of our first adventure.

We had won his confidence by abjuring in his presence the fragrant weed, for fire in any form was sacred to him, even when contained in the pipe of peace. Talking to the Guebre for some time, we eventually succeeded in persuading him to speak of Nadhir Shah. He related to us a rumour, which was current in Persia, to the effect that during his two months' occupation of Delhi, this famous Shah had hidden some fine brilliants in a temple, and to secure their safety until his departure, a special mode of concealing them had been devised. He averred, with his hand upon his beard, that in the inner court of the temple an idol had



"HE IS TELLING THE BRAHMINS."

been raised in the Shah's honour, and that in its mighty hand was an uplifted sword, of which the hilt was hollow, for in it the diamonds were concealed. Among the few Guebres who possessed the secret of opening the sword-hilt he claimed to be one, and on the morning of our departure from his hospitable roof he pressed a small piece of vellum into the hand of Denviers, on which was written, in Persian, the way in which we might obtain this treasure.

Hassan having failed to dissuade us from the enterprise, we found in Delhi a Hindu who promised to get us into the temple, but whose motive was undoubtedly to trick us, for having led us into the pillared halls, where pilgrims usually congregate, he found some pretext for leaving us with a profound salaam and then betrayed us. We had scarcely time to examine some of the Hindu work which adorned this hall, when we found ourselves seized from behind, and,

touched his forehead again and again, upon which we saw three broad streaks, placed there to testify to his religious zeal and presence in the morning at the temple. No one except Hassan knew that we had entered the temple, so that it was not likely that blame, or even suspicion, would fall on the fanatics who even at this time had not learned to love those whom they designated as Feringhees.

It was a strange-looking assembly which sat in judgment upon us for violating the sanctity of the temple. Across the shoulders of each was thrown a snow-white cloth, which covered the body, leaving the arms bare; a second cloth was wound round the waist and hung gracefully down. From the left shoulder hung the *punul*, or sacred thread, which passed across the right side, while round the neck was placed a string of nuts, used as a rosary when reciting certain prayers. They sat in a ring two deep supported on a piled carpet,



"WE FOUND OURSELVES SEIZED FROM BEHIND."

in spite of a severe struggle, we were overpowered and conducted into a vault-like chamber where some twenty Brahmins were, who seemed to rejoice at our discomfiture. While we were detained in their presence the treacherous guide entered, and we could tell from the excited manner in which he spoke that his opinion of us was not likely to influence his listeners in our favour. He

while four guards, armed with murderous-looking swords, guarded us, two of them to each of us, one standing on the right side and the other on the left.

"They are evidently disagreed as to what to do with us," said Denviers. "The Brahmin who sits a little higher than the others, and who is evidently their superior, seems to have the amiable intention of urging the rest on to

extremities, if we may judge by the gestures which he is making. I wonder what they will decide. Something not remarkably pleasant for us, no doubt !”

“We shall know too soon, I am afraid,” I responded. “Those who seem to speak in our favour are in a very decided minority ; but, see, the vote is about to be taken—that will soon settle our fate !”

Some small, white-looking wafers were brought in by a Hindu, who bowed several times to the Brahmins, and then held before them a golden salver, on which the wafers were placed. With a small style, which each Brahmin possessed, a mark was scratched on the voting-tablet, which was then placed in a beautifully carved tube—apparently an elephant’s tusk, for it resembled it in shape, tapering off to almost a point at the end, the inside of the tusk having been removed until a mere shell of ivory remained. We were evidently in great disfavour with the Brahmins, for when the votes were divided, the heap which was recorded for us did not contain more than five or six tablets. As the counting of them finished the faces of the Brahmins lit up with satisfaction, and there was a death-like silence which prevailed as we were reluctantly brought before the chief Brahmin to hear our fate decided. We refused to salaam to him, and our guards failed in their attempts to force us to do so. They were commanded to desist at last, and then the chief Brahmin rose, and, holding up his arm in a threatening manner, addressed us, saying :—

“The Feringhees have entered the temple of Shiva, whose representation is bound to the Brahmin’s arm. Within this mighty edifice stands the great image of Nadhir, which we honour because Shiva permitted him to bow down our once prostrate nation to the dust. Within these sacred walls your footsteps have wrought profanation, and may bring upon us the vengeance of Shiva if we do not show our abhorrence of your deed. To efface the stain upon the temple blood must be shed even when the sun rises to-morrow. To-night ye may live, for we may not take life in the hours that are given for the restoration of men. Think ye well of this, for surely death is nigh unto both. I have spoken.”

We looked for a moment in blank surprise at each other. In a few hours’ time we were to die, although we had made no attempt to carry out the purpose for which we entered the temple ! The sentence, according to our ideas of justice, was palpably absurd. Then Denviers remarked quietly to me :—

“I suppose we must submit, for argument with these Brahmins is, of course, out of the question. There are a few hours still left, and it will not be our fault if we do not escape them yet. I wonder if they will let us spend the night together or mean to keep us apart.”

“The latter, I expect,” was the reply I made. “They will be afraid to give us the opportunity to outwit them.” My conjecture was, however, erroneous, for soon after the Brahmins rose, and forming into a line, moved away to another part of the temple with a slow and majestic tread, chanting as they did so a low refrain, which sounded ominously upon our ears. It seemed like a funeral dirge sung for their two most unwilling victims !

“Now,” said Denviers, “if you see the slightest chance, don’t hesitate to throw yourself on these rascally Hindu guards. Remember it is for our lives that we have to contend.”

The guards were, however, not inclined to give us the opportunity which we wished for. They turned suddenly upon us, unarmed as we were, and formed an angle across our bodies with their swords by placing the points against the wall and crossing the blades much like a pair of shears look when opened out.

While the four guards effectually prevented us in this way from moving—for had we done so the finely-tempered blades would have gashed us terribly—two other guards entered and bound us securely. A pile of matting was then flung upon the floor for us to rest upon, we were thrust upon it, and then the door was shut and barred upon us from the outside. We were immured safely enough until our gaolers came for us, it appeared, and the next morning would in all probability see the end of our lives.

“How do you think they will kill us ?” I asked my companion. “Do you think they will use their swords upon us ?”

“I have not the slightest idea,” he responded. “Very likely they will strangle us. It is not a very inviting prospect, certainly ; if Hassan were here he would say that it was Kismet, and could not be avoided. I expect he is in a great state of excitement because we have not returned.”

We lay there and conversed for some time ; then, from the silence which Denviers suddenly maintained, I found that, notwithstanding the fate in store for us, he had sunk into a calm sleep, and before long I had followed his example, resting peacefully until the occurrence of a strange event.

II.

THE rustling of a dress moving over the stone floor, accompanied by a whispered "Sahib, awake!" roused me from sleep, and looking up, I saw a woman standing with a lamp in her hand, which she held above her head. She was clothed entirely in white, her form being partly concealed by a long, loose garment, which was gathered in about the waist by a girdle. Scanning her features closely, I observed that she had the olive complexion and lustrous eyes which distinguish Hindu women. The peculiar glitter of a bracelet which she wore attracted my attention, and presently I observed it change its position and encircle her arm higher up than before. The bracelet was a living snake, worn, no doubt, as a charm to ward off evil from the woman!

"Is the sahib awake?" my visitant asked. "Speak quietly, sahib, for outside the door of this vault a Hindu guard is posted, and he sleeps but little."

I moved slowly and endeavoured to raise myself, but the bonds with which I had been secured previously had been tied tightly, so that both my wrists and ankles were exceedingly swollen and painful. The woman stooped down, and with a wide-bladed knife she cut the thongs which bound me, and afterwards performed the same good service for my companion.

"Sahib," she murmured, "I come at this hour to save you if you will trust me. Speak not, but follow me."

Denvers, who by this time was fully aroused, rose to his feet, and together we passed from the apartment by means of a different door to that by which we had entered, and beyond which the Hindu lay. We moved along almost noiselessly, our guide holding high the lamp, the fitful flame from which lit up the passage down which we hastened, expecting every moment that our attempted flight would be discovered. Fortunately, this was not so, however, and our guide, touching a knob in the wall, caused a door to open, after passing

through which we found that we were in the main temple wherein stood the mighty image or idol which represented Nadhir Shah. The light from the lamp cast a weird glow upon the huge idol, which occupied the central part of the temple. Ranged round the sides were to be seen many large idols, as

varied in form as they were grotesque in appearance. The ceiling was very lofty indeed, and from it there hung long golden chains which supported crystal vessels, in which small lighted wicks glimmered feebly and threw their faint light upon the scene around. In the stillness which reigned on every side of us a feeling of awe possessed me, and I glanced nervously at the strange shadows which were cast from the idols, which seemed to look down grimly at us!

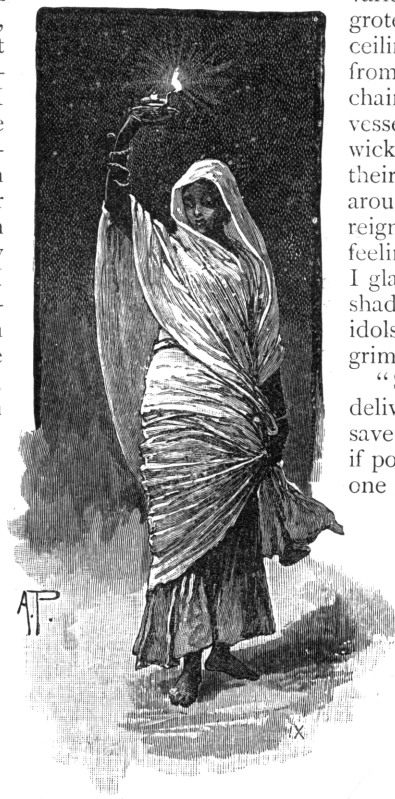
"Sahibs," said our guide and deliverer, "I am endeavouring to save your lives in order to repay, if possible, a debt which I owe to one of your countrymen. When

a great famine was upon the fair lands through which the Ganges flows, an Englishman saved my parents from the oppression of the ryots, who would otherwise have ground them into the very dust by their cruel exactions. They at last became prosperous, and vowed that I should recompense Shiva for what

had been done in their favour. So they consecrated me to this temple as one of the Dasis, or dancing girls, for whom the Brahmins are solemnly vowed to furnish food and protection. Yet I have never forgotten the deed of the Englishman who saved my parents' lives, and they would indeed rejoice that their daughter had at last an opportunity to repay their debt in such a way as this."

"Are we then able at once escape from this temple?" I ejaculated.

The Hindu woman replied: "Yes, sahib, you shall escape, but not immediately. To-night I will hide you where none will be able to discover your place of concealment; when morning dawns you must make the effort upon which your life will depend. Hidden within this temple, you will hear



"STANDING WITH A LAMP IN HER HAND."

to-morrow the Brahmins as they utter their chants calling upon Shiva to accept the sacrifice which they intend to make. Then a procession will be formed, and, moving thus, they will again enter the council chamber in which you were condemned, for there they will vainly expect to find you bound."

"How will this plan of yours assist us to escape?" interrupted Denviers, glancing at our strange deliverer.

"Sahib, patience, and you shall hear. At the outer door of this temple—which at night is strongly guarded—you will find in the daytime only two Hindus armed with swords. Your approach will doubtless be heard however softly you may tread, such is the acuteness of hearing which distinguishes our race. Two minutes afterwards your fate will be irrevocably decided." Taking them from beneath her robe, the Dasi held out to

When the swords fall, ward them off, and make a dash for the passage. Proceeding thence straight onward, you will see another door; and on pressing against it, you will find that it leads into the pilgrims' hall, which abuts upon the street. Once there, and your peril is over."

"Where are we to remain hidden until then?" I asked.

"In yonder idol, sahib; for within it is a hollow known to few even of the Brahmins. Follow me, and I will show you the way in which entry and egress can be made."

Passing to the rear of the idol, we observed a strange triangular mark, and while our own efforts to find the clue to the opening of the idol were futile, the Dasi in a moment was successful, after which she whispered the secret to us. Touching a hidden spring, a door flew open, and then we saw a flight



"SHE HELD OUT TO EACH OF US A WIDE-BLADED KNIFE."

each of us a wide-bladed knife and then continued:—

"Armed thus, you will each engage with one of the guards. Knife against sword is unequal fighting; act, therefore, only on the defensive, and stain not Shiva's temple.

of narrow steps, which led into a round chamber above in the monstrous idol.

"Here rest safely till dawn," said our guide. "The temple is deserted now save by the great spirits whose vigils you may not disturb. Fare you well, and remember for

your lives the instructions which have been given." We listened for a few minutes while the sound of her rustling dress grew fainter and fainter upon our ears as the woman passed away and left us within the idol. There was a faint light, which entered the chamber in which we were, coming apparently from the lamp flickering before the huge image, and from its upward direction in two rays we surmised that it passed through the cavities intended to represent the nostrils of Nadhir!

"It will be dangerous work fighting with these niggers," said Denviers. "Fortunately we can both fence well; yet I know that the Hindus pour in their blows like the hail comes down. Hadn't we better try to get those diamonds? If we escape, which I almost doubt even now, we shall be well repaid for risking the dangers of this adventure."

"As you will," I responded, and touching the strange door, to which we had again descended, it flew open. We closed it quietly, and a moment afterwards stood facing the idol of Nadhir!

III.

"READ the Guebre's instructions, Frank," I remarked, "and as you do so I will carefully observe the hand of the idol and the sword-hilt which it grasps."

The idol itself represented, in the usual exaggerated size, the former conqueror of Delhi. Sitting on a heap which was intended to represent to the observer a pile of human heads, there was held in the left hand a writhing human form, while in the right hand, which was raised aloft, was a sword made of gold, thickly jewelled, and which was about to fall on the unhappy victim. While I was carefully noting these things Denviers read as follows:—

"He who would obtain the diamonds from the sword-hilt must climb to the right knee of the idol, and standing thereon force the thumb backwards. The hold upon the hilt will relax for a second and the treasure fall to the ground. Beware that the thumb of the idol does not grip the hand of the daring one, for then the sword will fall and smite him. I, Hasfejd, do so declare."

Denviers mounted upon my shoulders, and in this way reached the knee of the idol. Standing as directed, he followed the statement carefully, and to our astonishment—for we had not placed much hope in the information being exact or in its consequence—the hand partially unclasped, the hilt flew

open, and when it closed a yellow roll of muslin already lay at my feet! When Denviers had descended we proceeded to examine the treasure. Unrolling the outer wrapper we found eight small packages within it. Each of these was carefully unfastened, and proved to be a history of the gem which it surrounded. The diamonds were finely cut, and sparkled even in the dim light of the temple.

We disposed of the treasure by each placing four diamonds in our inner pockets, and then, having made a survey of the temple, re-entered the hollow head of the idol.

The Brahmins were beginning their devotions when I awoke and found Denviers watching them through the cavities already mentioned in the idol's face. As the ceremony proceeded the worshippers seemed to become frenzied, and contorted their bodies as they prostrated themselves and vowed to destroy the polluters of the temple. They suddenly rose from the ground and formed in a double line, headed by several Hindu guards, who were evidently intended to drag us to the temple if we refused to submit to the fate in store for us without making a final effort to free ourselves.

As the last Brahmin left the temple, Denviers cautiously opened the door of our hiding place and peered out.

"Come on," said he; "one bold effort and we are free!" I followed him closely down the passage as indicated by the Dasi, and when about half-way down we perceived the two guards. They were examining something upon the wall, and we hoped to get near them without being observed.

"Get down on the ground, and crawl along after me," said Denviers; "they are not looking this way. Your man is to be the shorter one of the two—leave the other to me." We moved along as stealthily as tigers; if only we could take them by surprise! Nearer yet—the object on the wall still interested them. We were only ten yards away. Then we lay almost flat, and forced ourselves along a few inches at a time. Nine yards—eight—seven! Denviers jumped to his feet; we were seen! In a second the Hindus closed with us. There was a gong fastened to the wall, and one of them attempted to strike it, but my companion interposed his body between it and the Hindu.

None of us spoke; the combat was too fierce for that. How well they fenced! I feared that my knife was too short to ward off the Hindu's sword. Denviers was getting the better of the enemy with whom

he fought, and the tall Hindu was wounded, although he fought bravely on. I felt that it was a matter of life or death, and made a lunge at my own foe to settle which of us should conquer. He parried the blow, and a moment after I was down with the Hindu kneeling upon my chest, and his sword-point at my throat. I saw something white gleam before my eyes, then the Hindu

was pulled violently from me. I rose and saw the second Hindu lying motionless. My former antagonist was wrestling futilely with Denviers, and as his sword fell I rushed and picked it up. There was a sudden cry of alarm which rang down the passage, for the Brahmins, we knew, had discovered our flight!

"Run to the outer door," cried Denviers,



"IT WAS A MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH."

found our way unbarred to the street, which we regained in safety.

"A warm piece of work, Frank!" I said, as we turned towards Delhi. "I thought that Hindu had finished my career."

"He was well formed although so slight," assented Denviers; "but the best part of the whole affair is that we got the diamonds!"

"and hold it open; I can finish this nigger before they reach us."

I flung wide the door just as the other guards came down the passage. Denviers held on to the Hindu for a minute, then lifted him bodily from the ground and dashed him full at the nearest guard! In a moment he reached the door; we were outside and making for the pilgrims' hall, whence we

Obstacle Races.



OUR insular pride is not a pride of personal sedateness and dignity. We may be proud of our country and our countrymen, and with reason ; but we are not above any amount of hearty ridiculous fun—perhaps, we may think, if not say, without undue vanity, because we have enough natural dignity of character to stand the strain of much tomfoolery without deterioration. Also we like to give our tomfoolery a sporting character, and have so done from the beginning. Climbing a greasy pole after a leg of mutton, eating hot hasty-pudding for a prize, and jumping in a sack, are not things which it is easy to imagine a crowd of Spaniards and Frenchmen indulging in with enjoyment. But perhaps the sporting element is more acceptably incorporated with the comic in the obstacle race than in anything else of the sort.

Obstacle races are of varying sorts. Men may swim obstacle races in the water, may ride them on bicycles, or may run them on their own natural feet. The obstacle race is not a form of sport largely affected by the great London clubs, on their sprucely-kept

flourisheth exceedingly, and glorious and great is the congregation of guffawing spectators, who gather thickest at the muddy-water jump.

Nobody is very particular about his costume at an obstacle foot race. The blue-jacket tucks up his trousers and runs on his brown skin, the yokel goes perhaps in boots, perhaps in socks, and everybody else dresses according to his fancy—this being a go-as-you-please race of the most pronounced description. Indeed, a certain flavour of variety is sometimes introduced into the business by competitors disguised as Mr. Sloper, a policeman, and an old lady. A good, clear run is given before the first obstacle is reached, just to break up the crowd a little, and send them into their difficulties with plenty of impetus. It is a remarkable thing that, no matter what may happen in other races, there is always a dog about when an obstacle race is started—a dog which goes off after the runners, and barks and snaps angrily at their heels. He is as regular as the Derby-dog, and gets a deal more fun for his trouble. There would seem to be some affinity between stray dogs and boys, in that one or more is sure to be



THE START.

grounds, but at country meetings, held in the handiest field, at seaside regattas, and among the diversions provided at a sporting festival organized by a larky crew of blue-jackets, the obstacle race bloometh and

present, when anybody comes a cropper or otherwise gets into an undignified scrape, to enjoy the agony of the sufferer and deride him. That is why there is always a stray dog at an obstacle race.



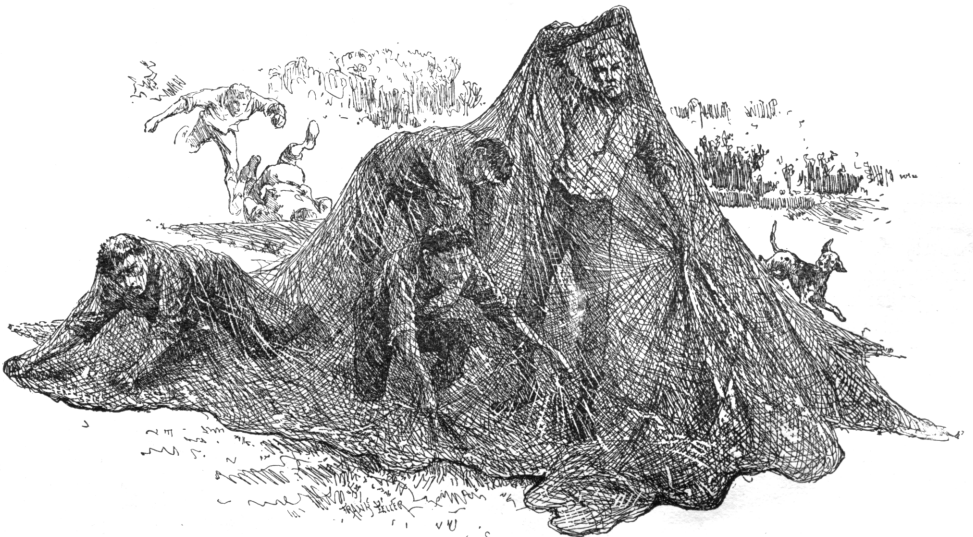
RAILS AND POSTS

Perhaps the first obstacle is a row of hurdles, or rather of strong rails and posts, five or six deep, one beyond another, and very short distances apart. You may either scramble over these or crawl under. If you scramble over, you bark your shins grievously, fall between the rails, alighting on the most painful corners, and find difficulty in climbing out. On the other hand, if you crawl under-

neath, you only break the falls of all those who are scrambling above and falling through; also your own head, amongst the posts. It is considered proper to alight upon your feet on springing from the last rail, but the spectators prefer you to use the other end, a plan very frequently carried out.

After this the competitors, with such advantages as the scramble has severally given them, and such bumps and scrapes as they have themselves collected, take another run on the flat. At the end of this an immense net is pegged to the ground on all sides but the nearest. This net lies thick in many folds, and, in some secret place, either between two of the pegs or in the net itself, there is a hole big enough for a man to get through. The first man arriving here throws himself down and crawls under the unpegged end of the net, followed by the others as fast as they may, until that great net contains a piled-up crowd of wriggling humanity, each man making his best effort to find the exit, and getting in the way of all the others.

You never can tell when the first man will get out. He may find the hole at once or he may be almost any length of time; in fact, very often it is found that some frantic competitor is unconsciously standing on that part of the net. Sometimes, if the net is very large, the artful man does this purposely,



THE NET.



LADDERS AND PLANK.

in order to seize the opportunity when everybody is making a wild rush at some other part, and bolt out with a good start. When at last somebody does get through there is a magnificent scramble among the rest to follow, and the crowd stream out, much the worse for wear, and in a very different order from that in which they went in. Often is it the fate of the man who entered far ahead of the field to leave far behind it. And so for another run on the flat.

A very little of this, and the next obstacle is met. This is, in the first place, a wooden frame supporting a horizontal pole or plank nine or ten feet from the ground. There are two ladders by which this may be scaled, so that there is a likelihood of two men reaching the top at the same moment. But the way down on the other side is scarcely so convenient. Here you must walk on a steeply sloping, narrow, and very springy plank, as far as an old packing-case, or some similar support, and then on just such another plank to the ground. You must not jump off, or "fudge" this arrangement in any way, or you will be ruled out. The

spectators, however, do not object to your falling off. This last is a very easy feat, as anybody may find for himself who will try walking down a thin plank at an angle of about forty degrees, with a big man striding down before him. To succeed in the race it is preferable to be a good way ahead at this obstacle, and to have the plank to yourself; but, considered entirely as a show, a rush of four or

five on the plank at once is superior. Another level run leads, perhaps, to the canvas—or maybe tarpaulin. This is a good large sheet, laid flat, stretched, and pegged firmly down on two sides. You arrive at one of the unpegged sides and proceed to insert your head under the canvas, like a gentleman about to be guillotined. The task is to grovel under the whole length of that canvas, and get out at the further end with as little delay as is consistent with bringing your clothes with you. If you are close behind, and gaining upon a man under this canvas, it is advisable to look out for his feet—as well as you can; sometimes they catch you about the ears, heavily. It is bad enough to be alone under this sheet; but to be under



CANVAS.

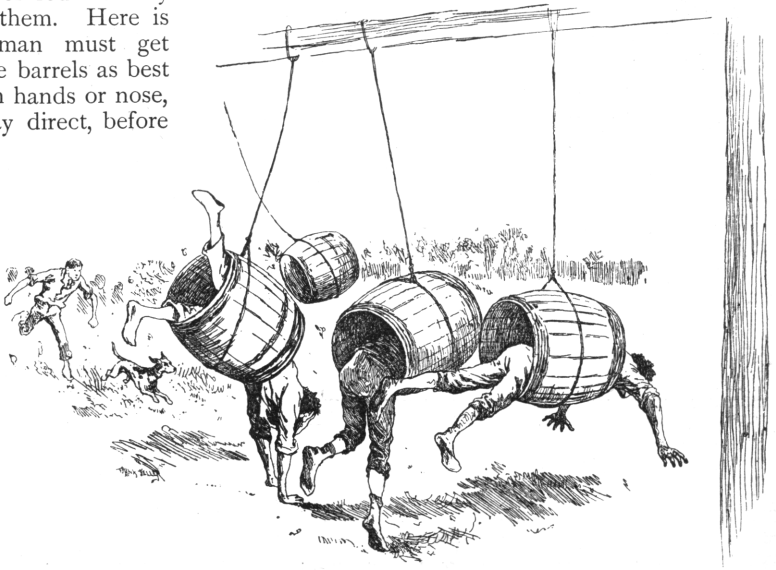
when the presence of several others is tightening it, is mere personal flattening and the wiping out of features. The tendency of this gentle exercise to produce baldness has not hitherto been taken into account by the compilers of medical essays, but it must form an enormous factor in the total result. You may observe the crowd come out visibly balder than it went in, just on the spots where the friction with the canvas acts.

There will probably be another obstacle before the final run in—perhaps a row of barrels, minus the ends, suspended at a height of three or four feet by ropes lashed about them. Here is great fun. Every man must get through one of these barrels as best he can—alighting on hands or nose, or both, as Fate may direct, before rising to finish the race. To get through a swinging barrel is none too easy a job, as the gentle reader may test for himself, if so minded.

To begin with, the thing is unstable, tilting fore and aft at a touch, and swinging in every direction. This makes it difficult to raise oneself into it at all, and doubly difficult to wriggle through, once the head and trunk are in. Half-way through, the victim presents a helpless and tortoise-like appearance, making mad efforts to throw his hinder half sufficiently high to cause him to fall out head-foremost. Once he has been fortunate enough to alight on his hands and save his nose, the smart practitioner does not waste time in a merely comic attempt to kick and wriggle himself clear of the barrel, but makes three or four steps forward upon his hands, when his feet fall quietly to the ground behind, and he rises, top-end uppermost, to run. The man who, resting on his hands, tries the kick-and-wriggle plan, even if he succeed at all, only falls in a confused heap, with his head at the bottom of the pile. Then, when he rises, he is apt to cause hilarious applause by bolting off in some utterly insane direction, quite away from the finish; for several seconds' struggle in a

barrel liable to spin round, followed by a miscellaneous tumble head-downward, never improves a man's topography, and his first impulse is to rush straight ahead.

An improvement of some kind is frequently introduced into the barrel business; an improvement, that is to say, from the point of view of the unsympathetic onlooker; for any improvement in an obstacle race always takes the form of some new persecution of the competitors. One such improvement was introduced at the sports held in con-



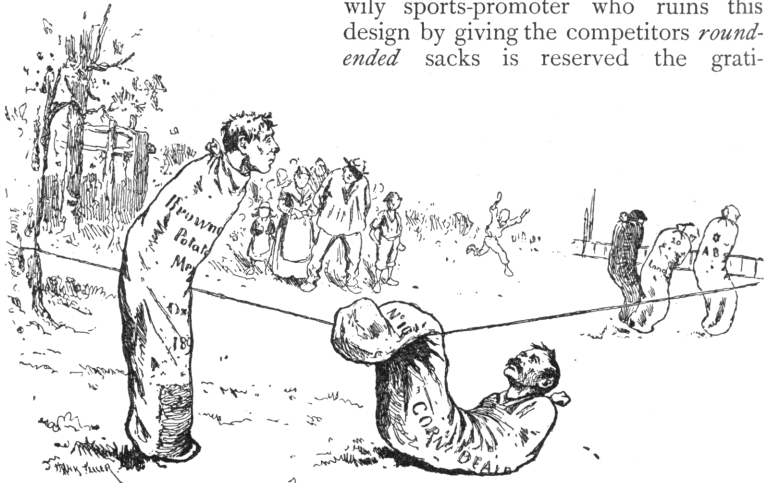
SWINGING BARRELS.

nection with the Manchester Jubilee celebration. The barrels, usually empty, were stuffed tightly with a fearful mixture of paper, tow, cotton-waste, and soot. To fight one's way blindly through paper, tow, and cotton-waste in a wobbling barrel is a worse thing than to do the same through the empty article; but when soot is added in generous quantities—then is the bitterness of the obstacle race seen indeed, and felt, and tasted. The gentleman who invented this horrible preparation holds a most respectable position in Manchester, and has probably now repented, wherefore his name shall not be mentioned; but a few hundred years ago he might have commanded an immense salary as a judicial torture-merchant and witch-baiter. In this particular race itself one competitor was especially unlucky. He was far and away the best of the crowd, had come out triumphantly ahead at all the previous obstacles, and

arrived at the stuffed barrels a long distance to the good. He seized the nearest and boldly rammed his head among the contents; but he got no further. Man after man arrived, and, with such luck as might be his, wriggled through his barrel in more or less time, and started away again, a sooty scarecrow and a public derision. But the first man, head and shoulders immersed, still struggled in hopeless suffocation until everybody was hundreds of yards away ahead, and then it was discovered—that the miscreant carpenter, whose business it was, had forgotten to knock the other end out of this particular barrel!

The sack race, pure and unadulterated, is a funny spectacle enough, but when sack racers have obstacles set them beyond their sacks, truly they must work for their prizes. There are two ways of getting over the ground in a sack. One is by grabbing the loose sack tightly with the hands and jumping—both feet together. This looks a good way, but the least inaccuracy in balance, or alighting with feet too far back or forward in

the sack, means an ignominious bowl over, and much prostrate wallowing. The better way is to get a foot into each extreme corner of the sack, pulling it tightly up in the middle, and to waddle along with quick, short steps. But if these steps be too quick, or not short enough, disaster is certain. For the wily sports-promoter who ruins this design by giving the competitors *round-ended* sacks is reserved the grati-



THE SACK RACE—THE ROPE OBSTACLE.

tude of the many—spectators, and the indignation of the few—competitors. A rope across the path and a ladder laid on edge are usually enough obstacles for unfortunate creatures in sacks. It is not easy to jump over that rope and alight right end up, and therefore some turn their backs and fall over it. But then you are down, and might as well have lain down first and rolled

under—which, again, some do by choice. If you have come a cropper near the rope, this is the best plan, since it involves only one getting up. The ladder, too, may be jumped or tumbled over, but in the latter case it is uncomfortable to go face-foremost. An attempt to wriggle *through* the ladder on the part of a competitor already prostrate is likely to end in painful failure and an ill-used chin. At the finish, of course, in all sack races, it is policy to fall through the tape, as being quicker than running, jumping, or waddling to breast it; but—and it is a



THE SACK RACE—THE START.



THE SACK RACE—THE LADDER OBSTACLE.

great but—never fall an inch too soon, or you will go under without touching it.

In a bicycling obstacle race, the general idea of the conspiracy is to mock the boasted speed of the cyclist by making his machine a hindrance, a tribulation, and an incubus unto him. He is tempted, for instance, by a long stretch of level track to "pile it on," and go ahead; only to be met at the end by a row of hurdles, or something equally solid, which he cannot pull up in time to avoid running into, and over which he must then drag his damaged vehicle.

The bicycle obstacle race, like, indeed, other obstacle races, is chiefly to be seen at small country meetings. It is a shy and modest plant, and never ventures into the glare of metropolitan notoriety. A town racing cyclist will not adventure his feather-weight instrument among the bangs, bumps, and general misadventures native to the obstacle race. Wherefore it comes to pass that in such a race, when it is found, many machines of uncertain age and build are to be seen, and many riders with gets-up and styles of

riding which would mightily astonish the crowd at, say, the Herne Hill track. It is, perhaps, only at such a race that one may encounter a belated survival of the jockey cap among cyclists, and the rule is for the costume to partake of the characteristics of road and path, the former predominating, with now and again a distinct suggestion of the

jockey or sulky-driver thrown in by way of imparting as sportive a flavour as possible. Sometimes fancy costumes are presented, and then jockeys and sweeps, Ally Sloper and Mephistopheles chase one another on bicycles of varying sorts and dates of manufacture.

A country meeting, too, where sports are held in a grass field, affords many advantages in the way of natural obstacles, through which the track may be laid, with a resulting steeplechase highly gratifying to such enemies of the cycling pastime as may be present.



"OFF AND AWAY."

The track at a country meeting, prepared for an ordinary straightaway level race, presents in itself more often than not a series of difficulties not to be despised. There was a field (possibly is still) in Bedfordshire, used annually for bicycle races and other sports, wherein the unfortunate competitor, in what

was supposed to be an ordinary straightaway handicap, was condemned, among other things, to negotiate eight or nine immense holes, about a yard in diameter, and of a sufficient depth decently to bury a Newfoundland dog in; to bump off a grass-edge four or five inches high on to shingly gravel, and up again a little farther on; to make frequent ducks to avoid the fate of Absalom, where the track ran below overhanging trees; in one place to plunge boldly among foliage where a small tree on one side reached out affectionately towards another opposite; in another to avoid utter jamming and smashing up with other competitors where the track suddenly narrowed; and generally to look out for the casual brick, the insidious gully, and the fortuitous dead branch, as well as, perchance, the occasional legs of some urchin projecting from under the ropes, where he sat lowly and hugged a post. All this in the straight stretches, the corners, of which there were many, being of angles which seemed to preclude any possibility of getting past them except by the process of dismounting and carrying the machine round. So that, when a hole, several bricks, a gravel-bump, a dead branch, and a boy's legs all occurred at a bad corner, where tree branches hung low, the rider had small leisure for meditation. On such a track as this little artifice is required to prepare for an obstacle race, and perhaps the district may afford other and larger natural features, available as obstacles

After a miscellaneous burst-off—such a burst-off as only a country meeting could show—a wide ditch or stream may be encountered, which must be waded knee or

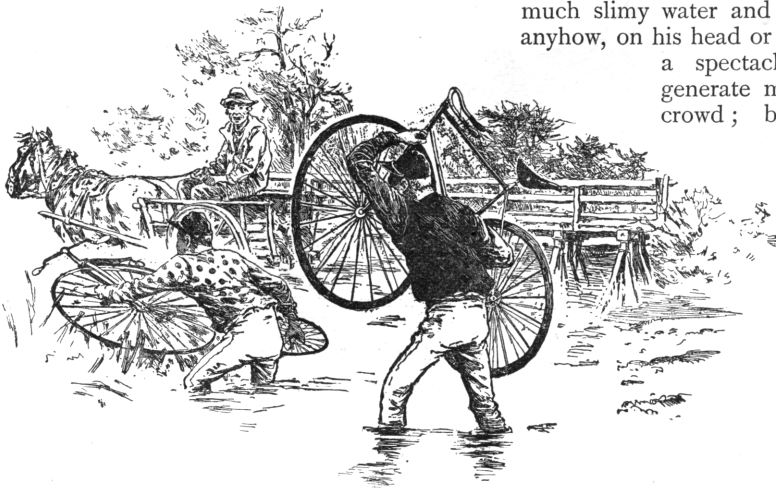


OVER THE STEPS.

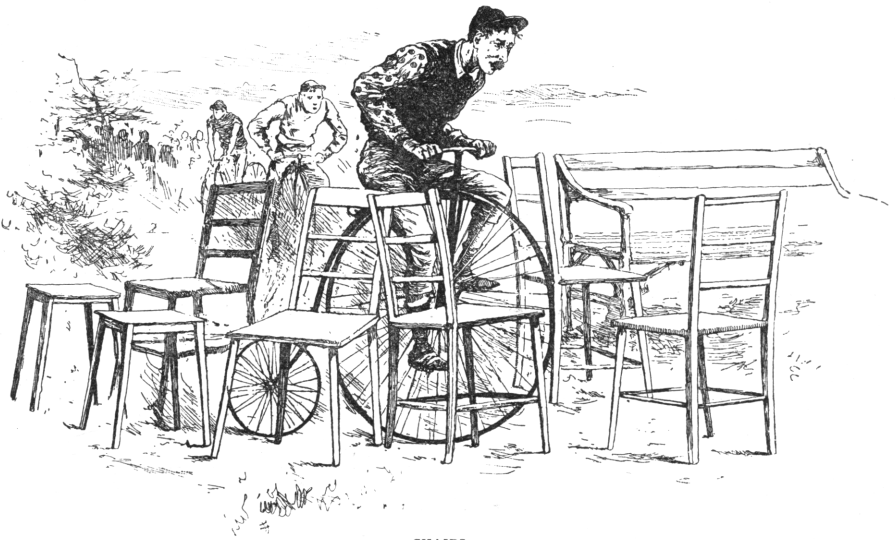
waist high, while the bicycle is carried overhead.

Indeed, the man who can best carry his machine has a very great advantage in contests of this kind. A bicyclist wading through much slimy water and carrying his bicycle anyhow, on his head or shoulder, is in itself a spectacle always certain to generate mirth among a village crowd; but when he stumbles

on the uneven bottom and goes under with a mighty flop, bag and baggage, or when he sticks in the mud, great is the joy of Willum and Jarge. A high hedge, especially one with a ditch on the further side, is another good obstacle native to such a field as a



THROUGH THE STREAM.

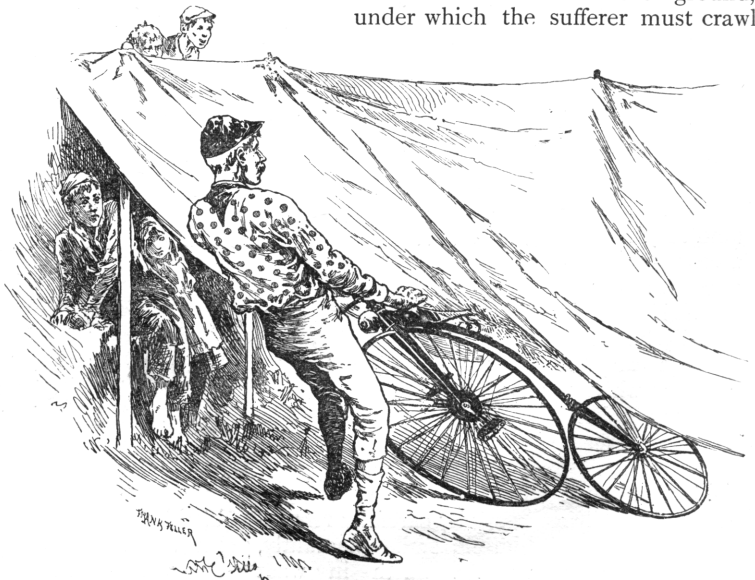


CHAIRS.

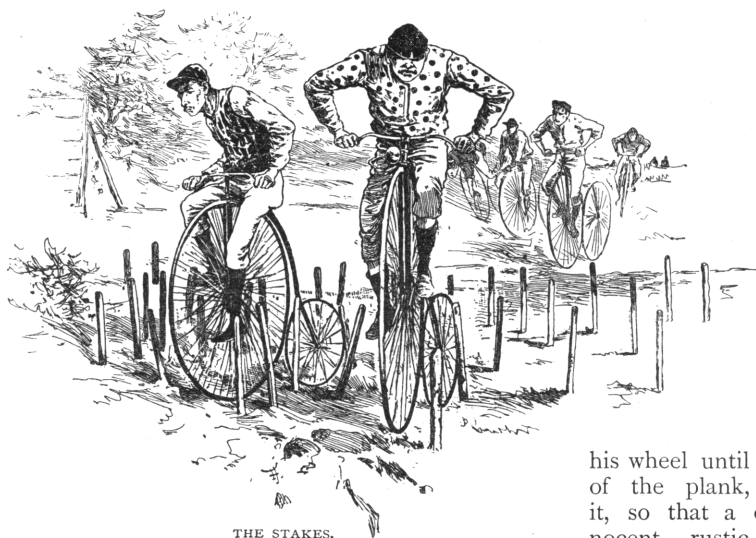
bicycle obstacle race is frequently run on; while an artificial obstruction in great request is a wooden flight of stairs up over and down which the competitor must carry his machine, unless he be foolhardy enough to try to ride over, as has been more than once disastrously attempted. The attempt has not always been a voluntary one, for the stair-flight is a magnificent trap for the hasty young man who rides at his best pace and can't always pull up at the right moment. So is the cluster of chairs, barrels, and benches wherewith the committee oft-times make his career a grief and a weariness unto him. For it is necessary to select an advantageous opening among those chairs and sundries, and then to dodge gingerly between them. Now, it is commonly found that the widest-looking opening leads into the most impossible "no thoroughfare," the biggest and hardest pieces of furniture, and the most grievous spills; so

that not always he who is first among the chairs is first out of them, and he who tackles them with the boldest rush is likely to sprawl among them with the most bruises.

The diresome tarpaulin, too, is spread in the path of the unhappy rider, with just such greater awkwardness to him than to the pedestrian, as may be calculated from the encumbrance of his bicycle. Often the place of the tarpaulin, however, is taken by a series of scaffold poles, fixed across the course at about two feet from the ground, under which the sufferer must crawl



THE TARPULIN.



THE STAKES.

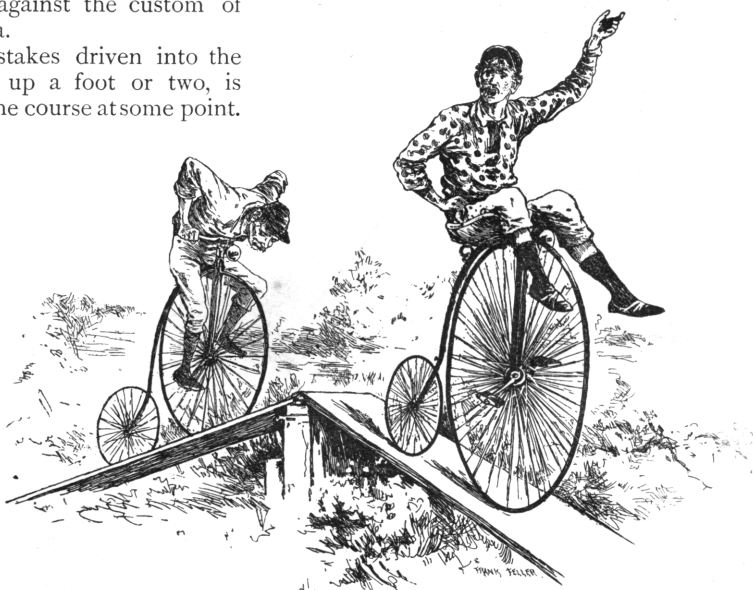
and drag that bicycle. Also it has been demanded of him on more than one occasion that he ride along the whole length of a bricklayer's ladder, over the rungs, as it lies upon the turf. This practice now seems to have been abolished—probably at the instance of one of the humanitarian societies who protest against the custom of hook-swinging in India.

A confused row of stakes driven into the ground and standing up a foot or two, is pretty certain to adorn the course at some point. They are a fearful thing. They look so insignificant, and they upset so effectually. Unless they have been carefully planted with the humane design of letting everybody through scatheless (and they never are), a cropper is almost a certainty; for, even if the front wheel be steered through accurately, the back wheel must follow as it list, and catch whatever be in its way. And then the sufferer must get up as gracefully as possible, carefully refraining from rubbing himself, smile pleasantly, and proceed toward the finish in what comfort he may.

The plank obstacle is an easy one—merely an inclined plane a foot wide or more, up which one must ride and down another. It requires nothing more than steadiness and careful steering, but it is bad for the competitor who approaches it with a wobble; for, verily, that wobble, once on, shall not leave

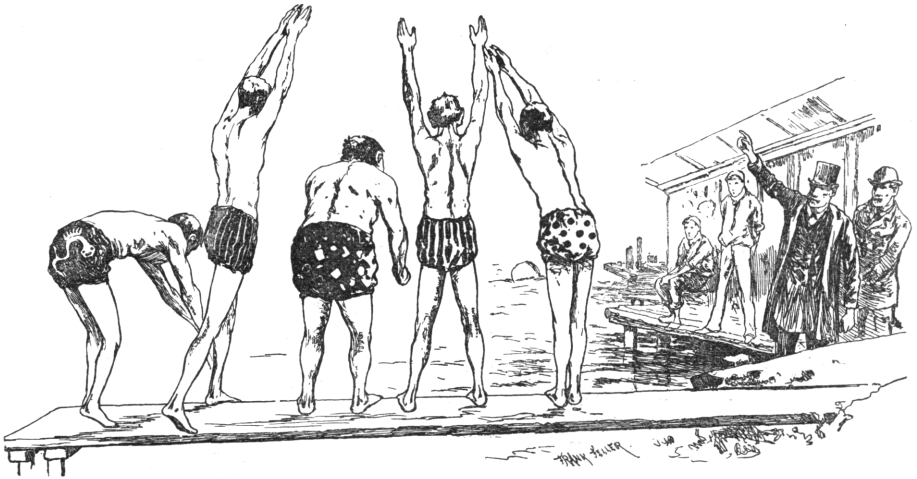
his wheel until it goes over the side of the plank, and carries him with it, so that a certain amount of innocent rustic enjoyment may be extracted from the contemplation even of this simple obstacle.

The water affords facilities for obstacle races equally with the land, and such a race among swimmers has its points of interest. Often a condition is that each competitor take with him, the whole way, a large inflated



THE PLANKS.

bladder or an empty barrel. These things must be taken *under* certain obstacles, such as a pole fixed across just over the water, a row of punts, or the like. Let anybody who



SWIMMING OBSTACLE RACE—THE START.

has tried to take a large inflated bladder under water with him tell of the joys of



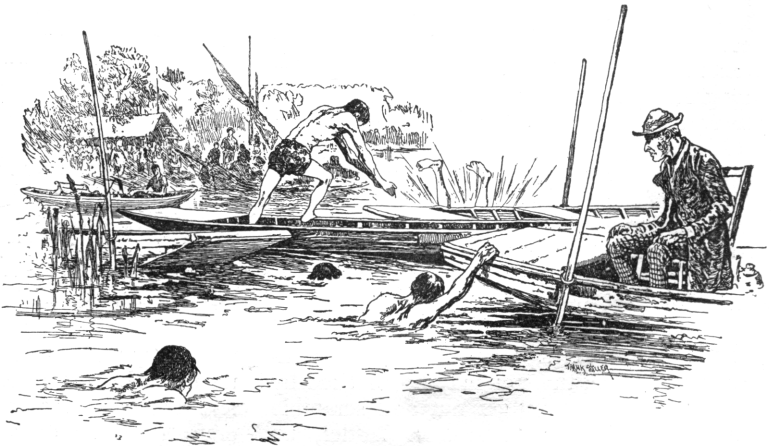
THE BRIDGE.

these feats. Or the rules may dictate that the competitor must climb over the obstacle himself and push his bladder or barrel under, taking care not to lose it in the process. Indeed, special rules and directions must be made for almost every obstacle race, the most meritorious set being that which entails most misery upon the competitor.

Obstacles existing in the ordinary course are not altogether wanting in a swimming race properly planned. There may be a

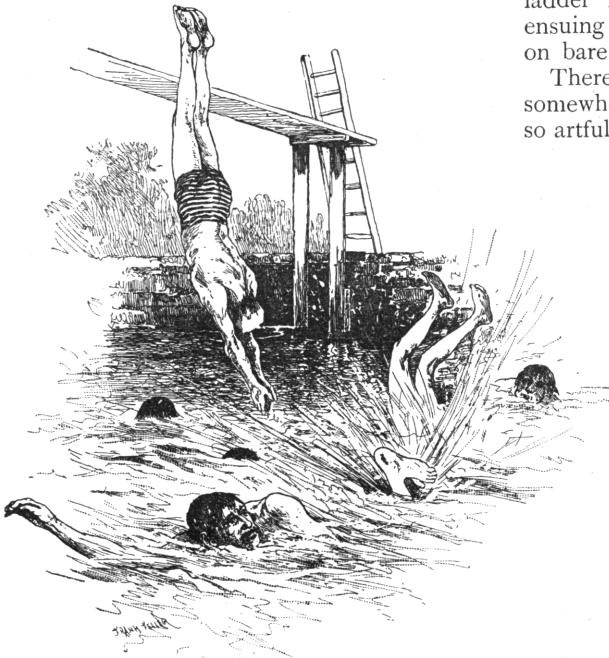
wooden bridge, which the swimmers may be made to climb over, or a pontoon bridge may be put down for the occasion. Something with rails on it is preferable to the barbarous tastes of the scoffing multitude, since they afford an additional awkwardness and tend towards indecision and the breaking of toes. If this bridge be at a shallow part it is also sometimes considered an improvement, since an inconsiderate and vigorous dive may lead to personal battery in the bed of the stream.

Next, perhaps, the hardy adventurers meet a row of punts, moored across the waterway, often an irregular row, demanding generalship in selecting the easiest point of attack. For, by properly selecting one's direction, it is pos-



THE PUNTS.

sible here to find an advantage, taking a pull at this and a push at that; while it must not be forgotten that he is not neces-



THE LADDER AND PLANK.

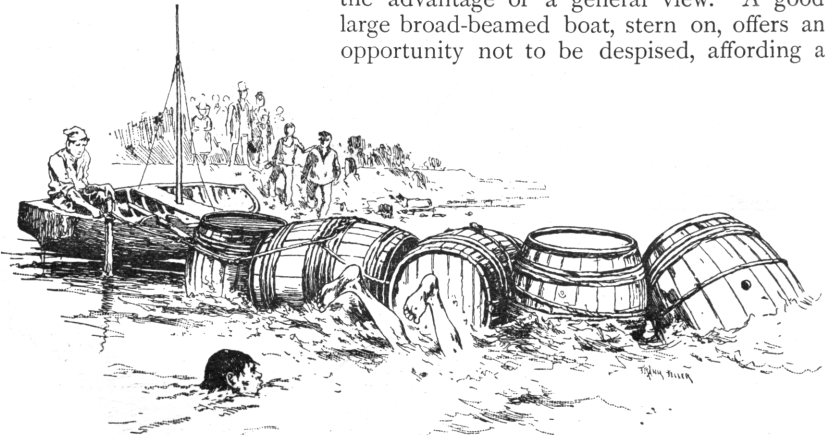
sarily slowest over who has most punts to negotiate, providing he have but one pull out and one dive; since running and jumping are quicker than swimming.

It is not unusual in a swimming obstacle race to give the swimmers an occasional trot over dry ground, or up or down a ladder, thus equalizing the chances of the lean and long-limbed with those of the fat, who float and swim the better. Thus, perhaps, after a bit of straight-away swimming the way may be blocked by a dam, and all must get out and scramble along at the side towards a ladder, up this, and off the plank to which it leads,

into water once more. Now, men can only ascend an ordinary ladder in single file, so that he who reaches the foot of the ladder first must be first to make the ensuing dive; wherefore, a very eager race on bare feet for that ladder.

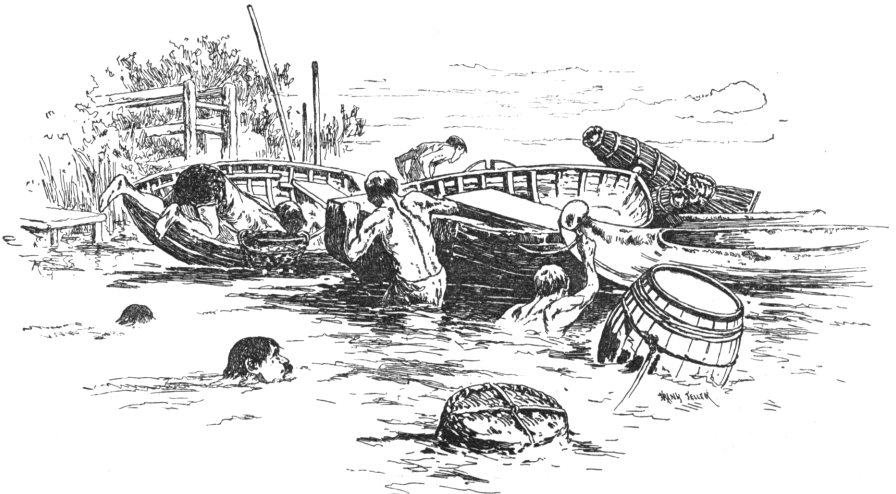
There should also be a row of barrels somewhere on the course; a row of barrels so artfully lashed together that they turn over in any direction at a touch. An incompetent committee has sometimes allowed diving under these barrels, but the correct thing is to send the competitors over—if they can get over—unless they are carrying the aforementioned bladders or barrels, when to get under will be something difficult to do. But to get *over* this row of barrels and pass the bladder *under*, this is the thing which should be ordained, that all the people upon dry land might rejoice with a great laughter.

After this a little more plain swimming will lead, perhaps, to a miscellaneous string of obstacles, all across: boats, baskets, punts, barrels, canoes—anything, and nearly everything that floats—loosely tied together. Here, more than anywhere, the swimmer requires generalship. His eyes are below the level of the obstruction, and he has not the advantage of a general view. A good large broad-beamed boat, stern on, offers an opportunity not to be despised, affording a



THE BARRELS.

fairly easy pull up and promising a clear run through the barricade. Of all things, canoes and barrels are to be avoided, as well as all craft broadside on. Any green novice who has tried getting into a boat from the side



MISCELLANEOUS OBSTACLES.

will know this, even if the reflection never occurs to him that a broadside-on obstacle probably means more behind in awkward positions, with a chance of falling between.

After this perhaps a net, and then the finish. The net is not a vast difficulty, having only to be dived under or, easier still, lifted. But it gives a check to the merely fast swimmer in his rush home, and prevents the oncoming competitors from seeing exactly how the race is going in front, and makes them peg away to the end. Also, the head-long young man, coming as hard as he

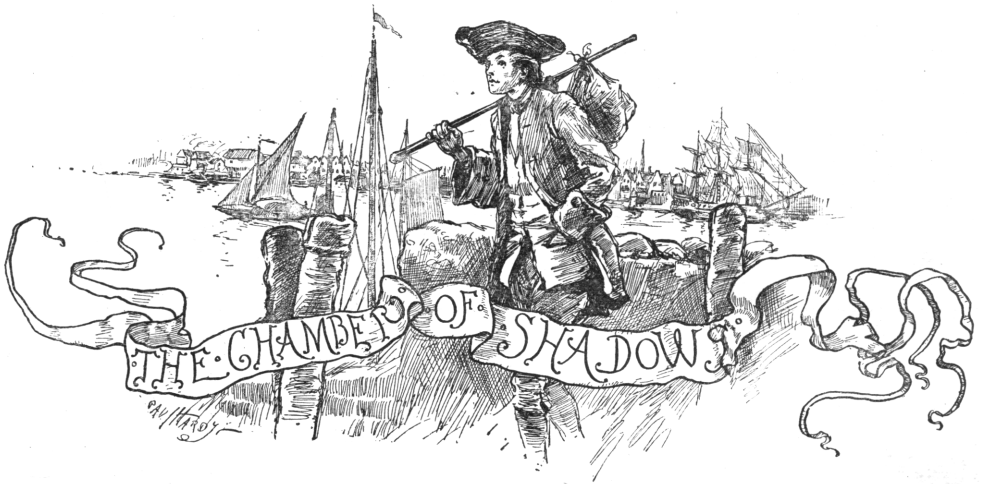
can with the side-stroke, is apt to run foul of this net, to his utter confusion and entanglement, and the "letting up" of some slower competitor maintaining a better look-out.

And of such are the ways of the obstacle race—a thing good in that it gives play to something more than speed alone, whether on water or dry land, and teaches prompt resource, activity, and address; and provides vast diversion for unventuresome on-lookers, who revel in the misfortunes of those bolder than themselves.



THE FINISH.

A Romance from a Detective's Case-Book.



BY DICK DONOVAN.

Author of "*The Man from Manchester*," "*Tracked to Doom*," "*Caught at Last*," "*Who Poisoned Hetty Duncan*?" "*A Detective's Triumphs*," "*In the Grip of the Law*," etc., etc.



IT was somewhere about the year 1820 that a poor and almost friendless youth named Samuel Trelawney found himself in Liverpool with not even the proverbial sixpence in his pocket. Fortunately he attracted the notice of a gentleman engaged in the East India trade. This gentleman took such a fancy to Samuel that he offered to send him out to his house in Bombay, where he would receive a commercial training. This was the golden opportunity, and eagerly seized upon by the young man, who, after five years in the East Indies, returned to Liverpool owing to the death of his patron. But this time he was no longer a penniless youth. He had managed to scrape a little money together, and having acquired a thorough knowledge of commercial matters, he set up in business on his own account in a very small way. That was the beginning of the great concern that was to extend its ramifications to the four quarters of the globe.

Under Samuel's able guidance the business continued to grow, and he took in a partner—a Mr. Richard Lindmark. Soon the concern began to assume gigantic proportions, and the partners decided to turn it into a joint-stock company. Such a reputation had they gained that the required capital was subscribed three times over.

So much for the history of the firm of Trelawney, Lindmark, and Co. And it is necessary now that some reference should be made to the private history of Mr. Trelawney, who not only retained a very large financial interest in the company, but as managing director had almost the entire control of it. At this period wonder was often expressed why Mr. Trelawney had never married. But there was a tender passage in his life that he carefully concealed from the vulgar gaze of the curious. He had had his little romance. The lady he loved was a light-headed, frivolous person who, knowing not the treasure she was throwing away, gave him up and bestowed her hand on a handsome but worthless Italian adventurer. There is not the slightest doubt that Mr. Trelawney had been passionately attached to the lady, and he felt the disappointment with a keenness that the world knew little of. But concealing his sorrow as best he could, he took his youngest sister Bertha as his housekeeper. He had bought a charming estate on the Cheshire side of the Mersey, consisting of a mansion standing in about seven acres of grounds. It was known as the "Dingle," and here Mr. Trelawney and his sister Bertha dispensed lavish hospitality. Soon a mystery in connection with this place cropped up, and set the tongues of the gossips wagging. It was this.

Into his house Mr. Trelawney received a boy child with a view to adopting it. Mr. Trelawney went from home one day, and after a week's absence he returned late one night, bringing the child, then about four years old, with him. The following morning he called all his household together in his library and said:—

"Being a childless man, and never likely to marry, I intend to adopt this boy, who will be known to you as Jasper Trelawney. You will respect him as my son, for I shall be a father to him, as both his father and mother are dead."

This was all the explanation and information Mr. Trelawney condescended to give; and being so meagre, it simply aroused curiosity without in any way satisfying it.

The child was a dark-eyed, olive-skinned, curly-headed fellow, who speedily became a favourite. From boy to youth, from youth to young manhood every whim and wish of his was gratified by his over-indulgent foster parents—for Bertha Trelawney was no less attached to him than her brother was.

At his own earnest desire he had been taken into the business of Trelawney, Lindmark, and Co., and though he was not quite as steady and persevering as he might have been, great hopes were formed of him. But now the mystery that had begun when Jasper was brought as a child to the "Dingle" was increased by his sudden and unexplained disappearance. All that was allowed to leak out was this: A servant entered the library one morning suddenly not knowing that anyone was there, but to her amazement she saw Mr. Trelawney seated in a chair, though his face was bowed on the table as if he were overcome with some passion of grief. Grasped and crumpled in his left hand was a letter, and on her knees beside him, and weeping bitterly, her hands clasped on his shoulder, was his sister Bertha. The servant withdrew without disturbing them; but this scene had a strange significance when in the course of a day or two it became known that Jasper Trelawney had gone away.

Twenty years went by, and Jasper Trelawney was entirely

forgotten by all, perhaps, save his foster parents. Bertha and Mr. Trelawney were growing old, and he had become a silent, reserved, and brooding man. Owing to enfeebled health he was now only nominally the head of the great business which he had been mainly instrumental in building up, but he was said to have wealth almost beyond the dreams of avarice, and so great was the faith of the world in him and his company, that capital to almost any extent might have been obtained.

Fortunate was the man considered who held shares, or could obtain shares, in Trelawney, Lindmark, and Co. It can therefore be understood how those who were interested stood aghast, and how the commercial world was dumfounded when one day, without any preliminary warning, it was announced that Trelawney, Lindmark, and Co. had failed for an enormous amount, and that everyone interested in the company would be utterly ruined. There was no limited liability then, and many a family, as they read the announcement of the failure, must have felt that misery and poverty



"HIS FACE WAS BOWED ON THE TABLE."

stared them in the face. It was said that the assets were practically nil, while the liabilities were enormous. The great London firm of accountants—Rogers, Millbank, and Farmer—were appointed liquidators, and a few days later Mr. Rogers requested me to call upon him. He was a stern, hard-faced, practical man who seemed to ooze figures at every pore, and who had not one single atom of poetry or sentiment in his nature. He viewed the world, life, and all its associations through an atmosphere of arithmetic.

He informed me that enormous sums had been taken out of the business, and never accounted for, by some person unknown; that bogus bonds to a vast amount had been put upon the market, and, what was still more serious, that the register of the bondholders had been stolen, so as to render it difficult, if not impossible, to detect the bogus bonds from the real ones. It was my task to trace the missing register and to find the thief. There was no suspicion, and no clue. The whole affair seemed an inexplicable mystery.

Having jotted down a few notes, and got all the details from him I could, I took my departure and began to plan out a course of action.

From the high opinion in which Mr. Trelawney was held I felt that I could not do better than seek an interview with him at the outset, and I therefore lost no time in going down to the "Dingle." The time of year was about the middle of October—chill October. A cold wind was moaning over the land, which was sere and brown; and the deep tints of decay dyed the foliage of the trees. Although the coming winter was thus making itself felt, the "Dingle" looked picturesque and beautiful. The grounds were well wooded, and full of many surprises. There were rockeries, arbours, bowers, and green retreats, where gurgled tiny fountains; and through one portion of the estate flowed a stream of deep water, which ultimately formed a miniature lake, on the banks of which was a boat-house. Ferns grew everywhere in profusion, but they were drooping now to their winter death. I noted that weeds had been allowed to spring up in the paths, as if the master spirit of the place had ceased to interest himself in it. As I made my way up through the wooded grounds and crossed a leaf-strewn lawn in front of the house, I beheld an old, bowed, grey-headed man, dressed in a long coat and wideawake hat. He was pacing to and fro on the gravel path by the main entrance to the house. His

hands were clasped behind his back, and seemingly he was so absorbed that he did not notice me until I was close to him. Then he turned suddenly, and confronted me with an inquiring gaze. His face was pale and haggard, and bore evident traces of mental anguish.

"Mr. Trelawney, I presume?" I said, as I raised my hat.

"Alas! yes, I am Trelawney," he answered with a sigh. "Once the head of a great and wealthy commercial house; now a ruined, despairing, and broken man. But you are a stranger to me. Permit me to ask your name and business?"

"My name is Donovan. My business has reference to a painful matter in which I hope for your assistance."

"I am at your service," he answered, mournfully. "Pray, command me. But let us go into the house. It is cold and dreary here."

He led the way through the great hall to the library. A charming room, which—if I may use the expression—was redolent of literature. There were books from floor to ceiling; where books would not go were pictures, all perfect works of art; and where pictures could not be squeezed in there were elegant trifles, such as a man of refined taste loves to gather about him. The window commanded a view over a range of flowerbeds to the stream beyond, which had for a background a dark wood, that was sombre with pines and cedars. Mr. Trelawney motioned me to an easy chair of the most ample proportions, delightfully cushioned; and, as I seated myself, he did the same in a similar chair beside the fire.

"I am here on behalf of the liquidators," I began, as he leaned back, folded his hands, and waited for me to speak.

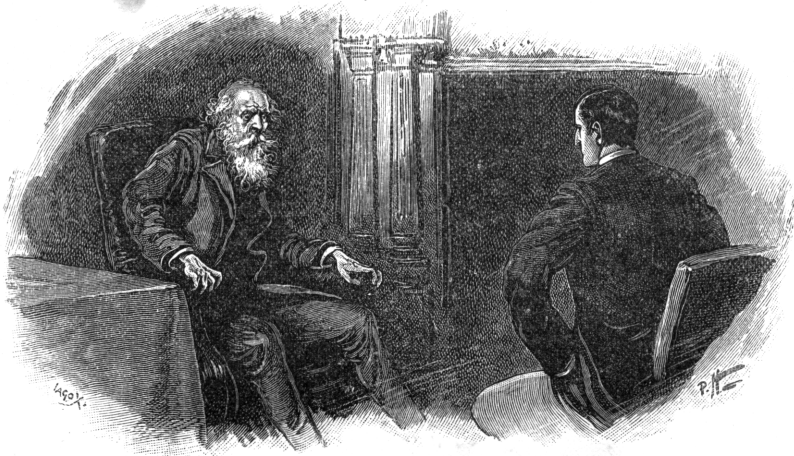
"Yes," was the only answer he made; and it was uttered in a sort of dreamy way, as though his thoughts were not with what he said.

"You are aware," I proceeded, as I watched his face, which seemed to be absolutely expressionless at that moment—"you are aware that a very important book is missing?"

"Yes," he answered, again in the same dreamy way. "I heard it through Rogers, Millbank, and Farmer."

"But do you mean to say, Mr. Trelawney," I exclaimed, "that you did not know the register was missing until the liquidators made it known?"

He started into life at this. He sat up, with his long white hands nervously clutching



"HE STARTED INTO LIFE AT THIS."

the ends of the chair-arms; and his pale face lighted up with some inward passion that he was trying hard to conceal.

At this moment the door suddenly opened and a lady entered, but visibly started and drew back as she observed me, and looking at Mr. Trelawney she stammered:—

"I—I—beg your pardon, but I didn't know you had anyone with you."

"This is a gentleman from London—Mr. Donovan," he exclaimed, as he sprang to his feet; and then introducing her to me he added: "My sister, sir, Miss Bertha Trelawney."

I bowed and she bowed. She was dressed in black; her white hair was neatly arranged beneath a cap; but her face, like her brother's, was pale and lined with thought and care. She seemed greatly agitated and suffering from nervous tremor, and I was sure that she regarded me with mixed feelings of anxiety and fear. I watched her narrowly, and saw her exchange looks with her brother.

"Did you wish to speak to me?" asked her brother, apparently with the object of cutting short the interview.

"Yes," came the answer in low tones; and, asking me to excuse him for a few minutes, Mr. Trelawney and his sister went out of the room.

In about ten minutes he returned, and he too seemed agitated.

"When my sister entered," he began as he resumed his seat, "I was about to tell you that the discovery of defalcations and the loss of the register is as much a revelation to me as it is to anyone. There is one thing I think that I may mention, and I do it with all reserve. But it is perhaps better

of mine, who went out to Australia long ago, and died there. David, who had been partly brought up in the colonies, came to England after his father's death and sought me out. As he brought excellent testimonials, I had no hesitation in giving him a position of trust. Three months ago he was taken suddenly ill, and was dead in a few days. I remember now that it was immediately after David's death that I heard something about the register being missing."

"This is a remarkable story, Mr. Trelawney," I remarked, pointedly.

"Heaven forbid," he exclaimed, excitedly, "that I should cast aspersions on the character of a dead man; but I mention the incident for what it is worth. It is for you to make such inquiries as you think the matter deserves."

"Certainly," I answered, in a way intended to suggest that I did not think very much about the matter; but the truth was, I was morally certain I had got hold of the key to the mystery.

As I did not see that any object was to be served by my prolonging the interview then, I took my departure after a few casual questions bearing on the death of David Brinsley. As I left the steps and was crossing the lawn, I turned and looked at the house, and saw at the curtained window of a side room the deathly-white face of a woman, who seemed to be glaring at me. Directly she saw that she was observed, she dropped the curtain which she had been holding aside with her hand, and hurriedly withdrew. This trivial incident was not without its significance for me, and I began to weave out a theory as I pursued my way to Liverpool.

that the information should come from me than from anyone else. About two years ago—it may be two and a half, I am not quite clear on the subject—I placed a gentleman in the concern as a confidential clerk. His name was David Brinsley. He was the son of an old friend

And one resolve I made was to look upon David Brinsley, alive or dead. Of course if, as Mr. Trelawney said, he was dead and buried, I could not see him alive. But, anyway, I wanted to see that he was as dead as he ought to be if he was really buried.

Necessarily there were certain legal formalities to comply with before my resolve could be put into practical shape. But certain information having been lodged, and all the forms of law been duly observed, an order was issued from the Home Office for the exhumation of the body of David Brinsley, who in the death certificate was described as a native of Australia; aged forty; and his decease was attributed to "pericardiac inflammation."

The disinterment took place at night after the cemetery gates were closed for the day. A small tent had been put up near the grave, and the oak coffin having been hoisted from the grave, was placed on trestles in the tent; and the undertaker's men proceeded to remove the lid and expose the face of the corpse, which proved to be in

a remarkably good state of preservation. I had taken care to have several persons present who had been acquainted with David Brinsley, and as the lid of the coffin was taken off, I said collectively to these people as they crowded round:—

"Look well at the face of that dead man, and tell me if it is David Brinsley's face."

In reply to this question there arose a unanimous chorus of "Noes."

Perhaps I smiled a little to myself in spite of the "solemn presence of the dead," but a man may be pardoned for smiling, even under

such circumstances, when he knows that he has achieved a triumph.

Although the plot had apparently thickened, I had picked up some important clues, and diligently set to work to follow them up. Remembering what took place between Mr. Trelawney and his sister on the occasion of my visit to the "Dingle," I felt certain that his secrets were her secrets, and believing, rightly or wrongly, that in her I should find more pliable material to work upon than in him, I decided to seek an interview with her in her brother's absence,

and made my plans accordingly. I went down to the "Dingle" one night, when, as I had previously ascertained would be the case, Mr. Trelawney was absent, and I sent word to Miss Trelawney that I desired to see her on a matter of urgent importance. She received me in the dining-room; a large, heavily-wainscoted and somewhat gloomy chamber, looking very gloomy and very ghostly on this occasion, for the fire had smouldered down to a handful of glowing

ashes; and as a current of air that entered from some unseen aperture caused the flame of the large suspended lamp, by which the room was lighted, to flicker and flare, shadows moved to and fro, and chased each other over the table and up the walls, and dived and disappeared into recesses and corners only to immediately reappear again. It was a chamber of shadows, weird and suggestive, and it brought to my mind the line:—

What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!
As I stood dreaming dreams, a door at the



"IS THAT DAVID BRINSLEY'S FACE?"

end of the room opened, and Bertha Trelawney entered like a shadow, and we stood face to face. She seemed to me to have grown two or three years older, and she wore a look of ineffable mental suffering.

"You wish to see me?" she murmured, faintly.

"I do, madam," I answered, as I offered her a chair, into which she sank like a mechanical figure. "I am sorry to disturb you at this hour; sorry, too, to intrude upon your sorrow, for you have a sorrow, and a skeleton haunts you."

"What do you mean?" she asked, as she shuddered, sighed, and looked nervously around the room.

"I must ask you another question by way of answer to yours," I said. "Did you know David Brinsley?"

"I have seen him," she replied, after some moments of hesitancy.

"Do you believe him to be dead?" The question startled her.

She rose to her feet suddenly; her eyes flashed, and her pale cheeks flushed a little. Pointing at me, and looking altogether as if she was some imperious ruler

uttering a stern decree, she said, hoarsely:—

"Go! quit the house. I'll answer no more questions."

Bearing in mind that it is best to leave an angry woman, like a sleeping dog, alone; and as Miss Bertha Trelawney had so far played into my hands that I felt further questioning then would be supererogation, I bowed as gracefully as I could, and said:—

"Certainly, madam, I will comply with your request," and bidding her good-night,

which elicited no response, I withdrew; but I was conscious that I took forth from that chamber of shadows a link that would prove an important one in the chain I was patiently trying to piece together. The circumstances of the hour necessarily made me thoughtful, and almost unconsciously I found myself going down the leaf-strewn path beneath the avenue of trees that led to the lodge-gate, when suddenly I was aroused by the sound of someone approaching.

I immediately stepped off the path and amongst the trees, where I stood concealed. The approaching person proved to be Mr. Trelawney.

I followed with the intention of accosting him, but ere he had gone very far his sister met him. She had evidently been on the watch. She was without bonnet, but had wrapped a shawl around her head. She seized his arm eagerly, and I heard her say, in a tone pregnant with anxiety and grief:—

"Oh, Samuel! I am so glad you have come. That dreadful man Donovan has been here, and it seems to me as if he had tugged at my very heart-strings and rifled

my brain. I must not—dare not—see him again, for he makes me weak and powerless, when I should be strong and defiant."

"What do you mean?" demanded her brother, hotly.

What answer she made to this I know not, for they had passed beyond the radius of my hearing. Yet something—instinct or pre-science, call it what you will—prompted me to linger about the house, as if in a vague and undefined way I expected the trees or



"SHE SAID, HOARSELY, 'GO!'"

the stones to make some revelation. Presently a blaze of light suddenly appeared in an upper chamber. A white blind was drawn at the window, and on this blind the shadow of Mr. Trelawney was thrown, the outlines of his features being plainly visible. Then came another shadow—that of Miss Trelawney. The shadows blended, separated, formed fantastic pictures, and moved in a grotesque way, as shadows of living beings will when thrown on to a screen by a strong light.

Those pictures on the blind were riddles, and long I stayed trying to read them, until the light was extinguished and all was darkness there. I still lingered—still vaguely expecting a revelation—when the stillness of the night was broken by the harsh grating of the opening of a door. It was not the main door, but a side entrance. Concealing myself behind a clump of bushes, I watched and waited, and in a few minutes there came forth a man and woman, carrying what seemed a large box between them. As I recognised in that man and woman Mr. Trelawney and his sister, the movements of the shadow pictures I had seen on the blind were intelligible enough. The Trelawneys

had been engaged up in that room packing something up. The something was in the box, and they were going to dispose of it. The box was heavy apparently, and they rested occasionally. As they moved off I followed cautiously. The revelation was coming at last. They went towards the stream of which I have spoken, and when they reached it they slid the box into the water; and I heard the gurgle and splash it made as it sank to the bottom.

Having given their secret into the safe keeping, as they supposed, of this dark stream, the Trelawneys returned to the house, and I went to the spot where the box had been thrown in, and noted the place by fixing a piece of stick in the bank. Then I hurried away, and obtained the assistance of a constable in plain clothes, and, provided with a boat-hook and a rope, I and my companion returned to the "Dingle" grounds. I easily discovered the marked spot on the banks of the stream, and in a short time we had fished up the box. We lost no time in conveying it to a house in the neighbourhood, where I temporarily rented rooms.

The box was an ordinary common deal wine case of the capacity of two dozen bottles, and the lid had been carefully screwed down, necessitating the use of a screw-driver to remove it. The hour was very late—long after midnight—but I had no idea of seeking rest until I learnt what the contents were of that case. Being a stranger in the house, I knew not where to look for a screw-driver. But, placing the box on the table, with two tallow candles on the mantel-piece to give light, my companion and I, by means of a broken-bladed table-knife, combined with infinite patience, managed to draw those screws, and thus release the lid. The box was lined with tin, and, inside, securely wrapped in an india



"WE FISHED IT UP.

rubber sheet tied with string, was a parcel, which we proceeded to open with feverish eagerness; and, when the wrapping was removed, lo! the missing register of bondholders was before us!

That "Dingle" stream, fatal to the hopes and desires of the Trelawneys, had thus revealed part, at least, of their secret; but there was still more to learn, though I never doubted for a moment that I should learn it in due course.

Having snatched a few brief hours of rest, I proceeded to London with the recovered register in my possession, and went at once to Mr. Rogers.

The sentiments which this hard-headed man of figures displayed were by no means in accord with my own feelings, but under the circumstances I had no alternative but to carry out his imperious mandate to arrest Samuel Trelawney without delay.

Two days later I was once more journeying down to the "Dingle," with the warrant for Trelawney's arrest in my pocket. It was late when I arrived at my destination, and the light of the short, bitter November day was fading away. On my inquiring for Mr. Trelawney I was shown into an ante-room, and presently Miss Trelawney came to me. I was struck by some change that was apparent in her. She was neatly dressed in black, and her white hair seemed to have become whiter. In her eyes was a look of infinite plaintiveness, and in her face—from which the lines of anxiety and care seemed to have been smoothed away—was an expression that I can only indicate as that of divine resignation. She might, indeed, have sat as a model to some great painter for a picture of a Madonna. In a low voice, in which rang the music of sorrow, she said:—

"I have been expecting your coming. You wish to see my brother?"

"I do, madam, for I have an unpleasant duty to perform."

She smiled sadly as she replied: "If you will follow me I will take you to him."

She led the way across the hall, stopping for a moment at the table to light a tall wax candle that stood there in a silver candlestick, then proceeding, with silent footfalls, she went into the great dining-room—the chamber of shadows, as I have called it—and holding the candle above her head she approached the table, on which something was laid covered over with a sheet. She drew the sheet partly down, saying in her soft, low way: "Here is my brother, Mr. Donovan."

A solemn silence ensued as I gazed upon the dead face of Samuel Trelawney—a face that looked as if it had just been carved by some cunning sculptor to represent supreme tranquillity. Kindly death had smoothed away all the wrinkles, and had wreathed a faint smile about the lips, as if the weary man, with the eloquence of dead dumbness, was saying, "Behold, I sleep the eternal sleep, and the law's vengeance can smite me no more."

As I gently drew the sheet up again, over the marble-like figure, I turned to Miss Trelawney, who was apparently unmoved, and looked at her inquiringly for information. She walked towards the door, and I followed her back to the ante-room, where, sinking into a chair, she said:—

"Since my dear brother has entered into his longed-for rest, there is no further necessity for concealment. He has fallen a sacrifice to his faithfulness and love for a worthless woman. Years and years ago he gave his heart to one who knew not how to appreciate it. She deceived him for the sake of a *roulé* and gambler, whom she married. A few years of terrible bitterness; then, neglected and friendless, she lay on her death-bed. In her extremity she sent for my brother, to pray to him for his forgiveness. That was freely granted, and he vowed over her dead body that he would be a father to her orphan boy. Heaven knows how truly he kept that vow. But the boy had the seeds of wickedness within him so firmly rooted, that all the sweet and loving influences that were brought to bear proved of no avail, and he returned what was done for him with base ingratitude. But my poor brother was blind to all the lad's faults, and well-nigh broke his heart when he disappeared, leaving no trace behind him.

"Years afterwards he came back, a poverty-stricken, disgraced man. My brother listened kindly to his story of shame and wrong-doing, and on his promising reformation and for his dead mother's sake he forgave him, and under the name of David Brinsley placed him in a responsible position in the business. It was only to prove, however, the uselessness of scattering seed on barren soil. David Brinsley, the vagabond in heart, became a thief and forger, and the enormous sums out of which he cheated the business were squandered in gambling and dissipation. Yet, notwithstanding all this, my foolish brother said, 'He is the son of the woman I loved, and he must be saved.' I urged him with all the eloquence I could command to

have him arrested, but his answer was: 'No; for his mother's sake, I will save him.'

"Brinsley at this time was living with some people who had a son much about his own age, and very like him in build. This son was taken ill, and, after being seen once by a doctor, died. The doctor gave a certificate, but he was told that the name of the deceased was David Brinsley. The parents of the dead man were heavily bribed by my misguided brother to allow this fraud to be perpetrated, and they removed immediately after the funeral, while David Brinsley lay in concealment here, but ultimately fled to Spain. In order to hide the extent of this wretched man's defalcations, my brother caused the register to be secretly removed from the office and brought here, but he could never bring himself to destroy it. He always said that some day it must be restored. From that moment his life became a terror to him. On the night that I so abruptly entered the room when you and Samuel were together, I was in a state of horrible distress, for I had just discovered that David Brinsley had gone out and nobody knew where he had gone to. He returned, however, at a very late hour; and subsequently I heard from a private source that you had caused the body of the supposed David Brinsley to be exhumed. I knew then that it was no longer possible to keep our fearful secret. I insisted on Brinsley leaving the house for ever, and, disguised as a clergyman, he went to Spain.

"After your last visit I urged my brother to return the register to the office, but he said he would not do that until he was assured

that Brinsley was out of the reach of the law; though, yielding to my entreaties, he consented, with a view to its more effectual concealment, to hide it in the stream. The next morning we found it had been removed, and guessing that you had set a watch upon us, and fearing the dreadful exposure that would ensue, my dear brother's brain gave way, and, unable to endure the misery of his position any longer, he drowned himself in the stream which had failed to keep his secret. It is all over now; the sorrow, the suffering, and heart-ache are ended; and after the fitful fever of life, which for him ought to have been almost without a care had it not been for the deception of the woman he loved, he sleeps well. In a little while I shall join him, and realize that peace that the world cannot give."

Such was Miss Trelawney's sad story, which I proved to be correct in every detail. And when I repeated it in substance to Mr. Rogers, he growled and said:—

"Ah! it is ten thousand pities that he has cheated the law."

As I have said, Mr. Rogers was an unsentimental man, and judged everything and everybody from his own matter-of-fact point of view. But I, while admitting that Mr. Trelawney was weak and foolish in a worldly sense, could hardly repress a sigh; and was tempted to say, "Judge not harshly, lest ye be judged harshly in return." Altogether it was a pathetic tale of a man's love, a woman's fickleness, and full of a great moral lesson which we who are not without some vein of sentiment may take to heart.



"MR. ROGERS GROWLED."

[Next month will appear the first of the new series of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." Admirers of that eminent detective are also informed that "The Sign of Four," the story of the wonderful adventure by which he gained his reputation, can now be obtained at this office. Price 3s. 6d.]

The Camera Amongst the Sea Birds.

BY BENJAMIN WYLES.



FEEDING THE GULLS: SOUTHPORT PIER.

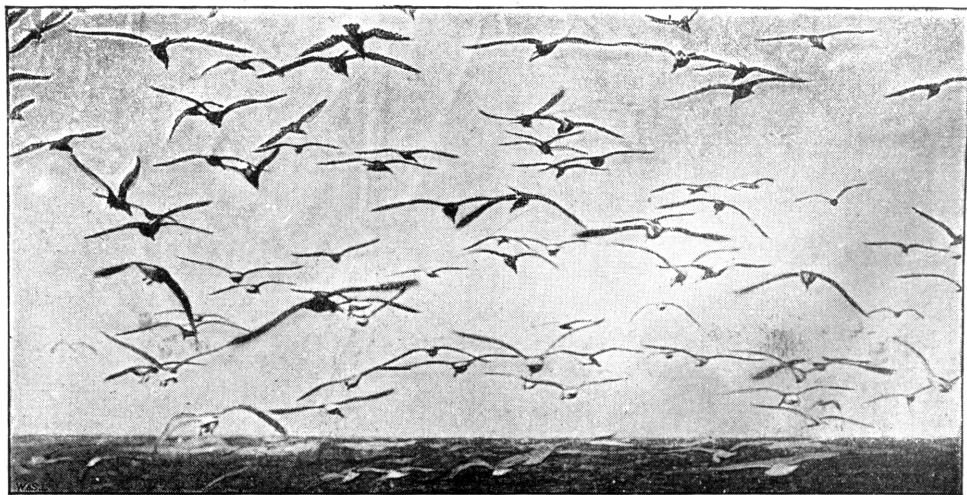


REAT was the interest raised not many years ago by a photograph containing what purported to be a solitary sea-gull, and not interest alone. Controversy amongst the experts alleged that it could not be a photograph direct from Nature; it might be the photograph of a dead gull, or a stuffed gull added to its

background of waves, or it might be painted in by hand, but the only genuine gull in the case was the public, in believing such a thing possible. Since then, better lenses, shutters for rapid exposure, and, above all, the increased rapidity of the gelatino-bromide process, have combined to make the impossible of that day the practice of this, so that now a

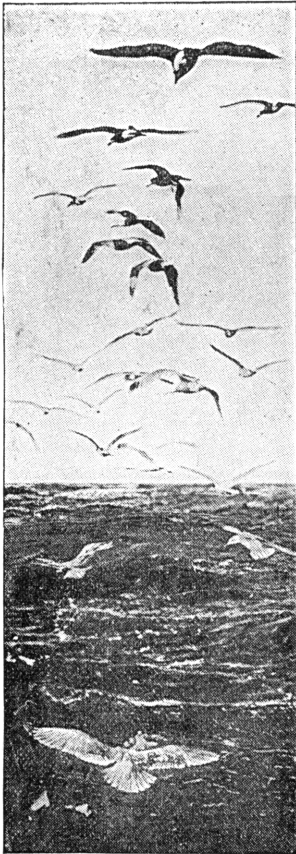
photographer with experience, under fairly favourable conditions, may depict not one, but many birds in flight, on a single plate. The chief difficulty is that of focusing an object constantly moving through widely varying planes. Such a photograph by the writer appeared in the June number of *THE STRAND MAGAZINE*.

The flat sands of Southport make it almost



ASPECTS OF GULLS FLYING (1).

imperative to the fisherman to land his catch on the pier, the rejected offal being thrown back into the sea. The keen sight and smell of the sea birds enable them to seize the opportunity. The pier-manager has the offal saved and doled out to the birds at a regular hour, and now at noon daily the birds are fed; at least, during the winter months. Such a delightfully lively dinner party is a thing to be remembered by those who have once witnessed it. "Grace before



GULLS FLYING (2).

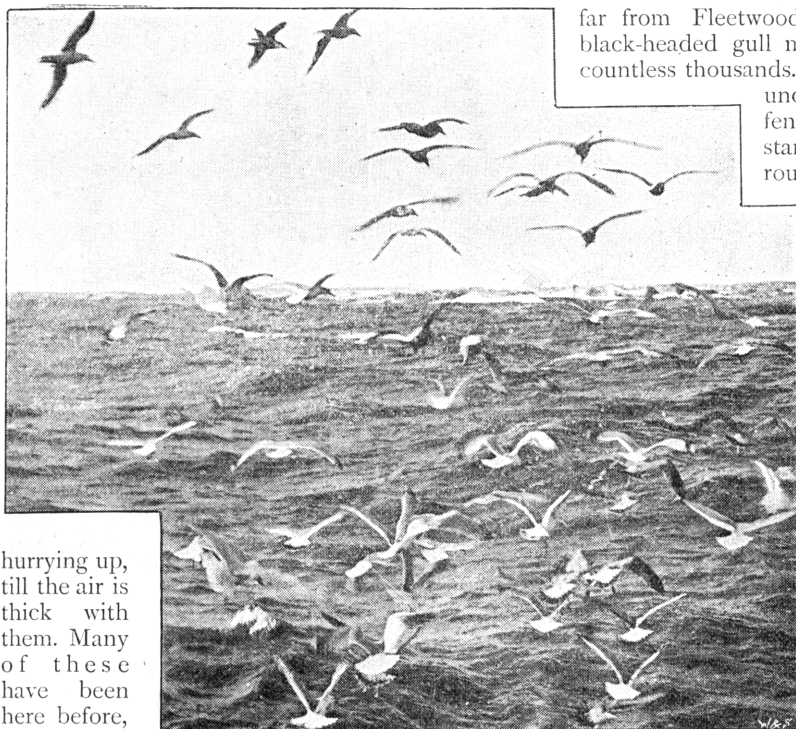
meat" takes the form of a shrill whistle, which is quite as effective amongst the birds as the most elaborate of dinner-gongs, for this becomes the signal for a general scramble, and down they come to one point in a mass of flapping, struggling wings, legs, heads, and tails, splashing, tugging, several tearing at one piece. Our first illustration gives an excellent idea of the scene.

The next five photographs show how their aspect varies with the wind. One day they keep their sides towards us; another day they face us, or turn their backs on us, but always keep their heads towards the wind. No ruffled plumage if they can help it.

The wild sea bird is the proverbial emblem of unfettered freedom, yet year after year she returns to rear her family where she herself first saw the light. During March the dinner on the pier is given up for lack of guests. A deputation of a couple of birds has visited the old breeding ground; a few days elapse, and another and larger embassy goes to see that all is right, and then all depart, to be seen no more in their winter quarters till winter shows signs of returning. In October evidence of memory and of the communication of ideas may be seen. Suppose the weather has allowed a supply of the dinner material to be obtained, the feeding having ceased since March, not a bird will be in sight; but let the feeding whistle be blown, and from all points across the sea they come



GULLS FLYING (3).



GULLS FLYING (4).

hurrying up, till the air is thick with them. Many of these have been here before, but a large proportion

are young birds, known by their differing plumage, the grey thickly streaked and mottled with brown, to be exchanged for the pure delicate light grey of adult gullhood when a year old. These seem just as eager as their seniors, as if they had been told what to expect. One would like to hear, in bird talk, a description of these "fish dinners."

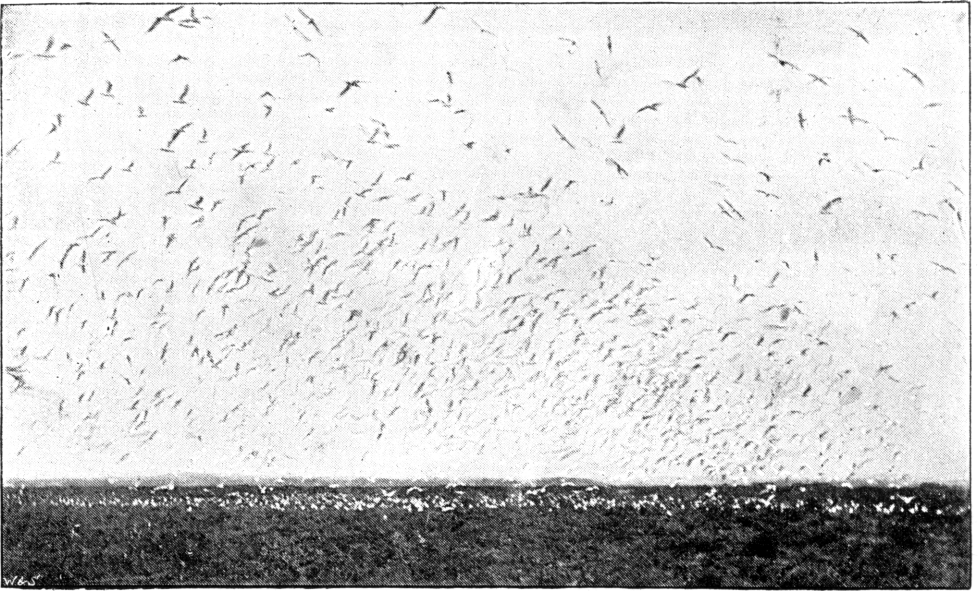
The breeding places of the birds are interesting sights about the middle of June. The old birds are then comparatively tame. Some nests contain eggs. Many of the chicks are too young to crawl out of the way, while others are strong enough to skulk, like little puff-balls, under a branch of heather or dried bracken. The inaccessible cliffs of the coast are by no means alone chosen as breeding grounds; often vast colonies occupy the flattest of flat places, like Pilling Moss, not

far from Fleetwood, where the little black-headed gull makes his home in countless thousands. The place is an uncultivated shaking fen; and when you stand still, water rises round your feet. The

nests extend over many an acre. At first the old birds are rather shy; but let a gun be fired, and the air is at once filled with the indignant parents, who whirl round us, scream at us, and do all they know except attack us. The nest is usually placed in the lee of a bit of weed or heather. The eggs vary in



RISING FROM THE STRIKE (5).



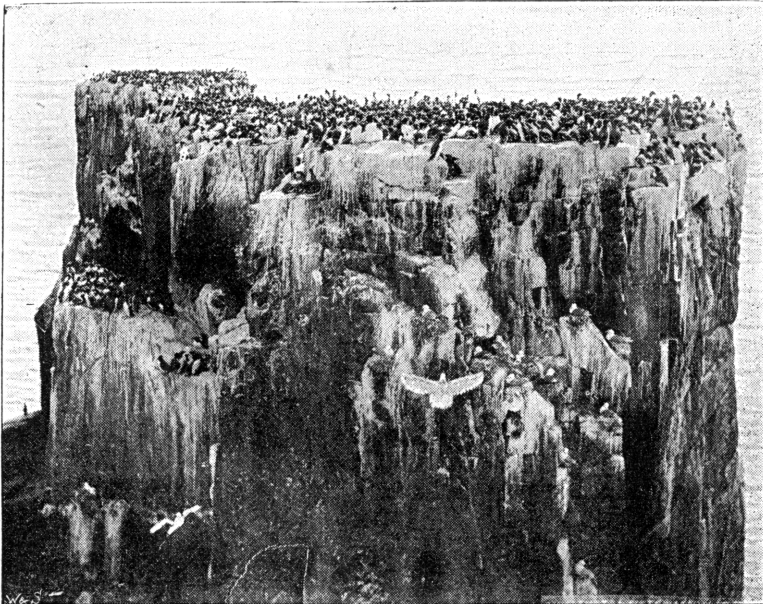
BREEDING GROUND AT PILLING MOSS.

the limits of a deep greenish grey, mottled with still deeper spots and markings. "Very like plovers," remarks an uninitiated friend. Very, indeed! These *are* the so-called plovers' eggs that figure on many a breakfast table!

Few places afford such glimpses of the sea birds at home as the outer Farne Islands. The Pinnacles are narrow, needle-

like rocks, rising sheer out of the water, without a break, to an immense height. Their almost level table-tops present the curious sight of thousands of guillemots, close packed and standing on their tails—this is really their way of sitting, each on its one egg, which it holds between its feet. No foot of man or beast can reach them; but we can get a fair view from the high parts ad-

jacent. It may be their colour—a parsonic black and white—and the leg being placed so far back that they have a standing-up look, that imparts such ludicrous solemnity. They utter a strange cry, all together, and with intervals of perfect stillness between. It is a strong, resonant boom like thunder, loud and penetrating, but so weird that one may fancy it passing for the supernatural in the dark, without very much help from the fears of the superstitious.



THE PINNACLES.

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

AGE 9.



From a Photograph.



AGE 16.

From a Photo. by Johnstone, O'Shannessy & Co., Melbourne.

MADAME AMY SHERWIN.



ME. AMY SHERWIN, whose vocal gifts are well known to every lover of music, is a native of Tasmania, and enjoys the unique distinction of being the first Australian lady who has won the position of a prima donna in Great Britain. Mr. N. Vert and Dr. Hans Richter were the first in this country to recognise her great abilities, from which time forth her name has been conspicuous in the programmes of the most important London concerts. She held the position of leading



From a

AGE 22.

[Photograph.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Elliott & Fry.

lady vocalist in Sims Reeves' farewell tour; while, in the Patti concerts at the Albert Hall, her success has been so pronounced that her reappearance there on the 10th of the present month has been looked forward to by a great number of admirers. Mme. Amy Sherwin's position on the concert platform may be compared with interest with that of Madame Melba, who figures as the leading Australian vocalist on the operatic stage.

THE PRINCE OF NAPLES.

BORN 1869.



VICTOR
EMMANUEL FER-
DINAND
MARIE

JANUARIUS,
Prince of Naples, who
has been recently
visiting this country,
is the son and heir



AGE 8 MONTHS.

From a Photo. by Montabone, Milan.

his pocket-money to buy little presents for his mother. Like his father, he is frank of speech, and is noted in the army for his zeal and strict attention to duty. He is, in short, no unworthy scion of the most ancient and honourable House of Savoy from which he has sprung, and the traditions of which it will

become his part to support when, in due course, it will fall to his lot to ascend, in his turn, the throne of Italy.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 10.

[Mauri, Naples.

of the King and Queen of Italy. He was born at Naples on the 11th of November, 1869, and will therefore celebrate his twenty-third birthday just about the date at which this notice will be in our readers' hands. He has been brought up as a soldier, and now holds the rank of colonel, but he is of a modest and retiring disposition, deeply attached to his parents, who have brought him up in the best traditions of his house. Stories are often told of him—how, in his boyhood, he saved up



From a Photo. by]

AGE 22.

[F. d'Alessandri, Rome.



From a Photo. by] AGE 11. [Maull & Fox.

COUNT GLEICHEN.

BORN 1863.



CAPTAIN COUNT GLEICHEN, of the Grenadier Guards, extra Equerry to the Queen, is the eldest son of the late Prince Victor of Hohenlohe and of the youngest daughter of the late Admiral Sir George Seymour. Born on the 15th January, 1863, he was educated first at Cheam, afterwards at Charterhouse, and finally at Sandhurst. He was a Queen's page from 1874 to 1879, and our first portrait is extremely interesting as showing, what is rarely seen, the livery of a Royal page. In 1881 he obtained a commission in the Grenadier Guards. Three years later he served with the Guards Camel Regiment in the Gordon relief expedition, and took part in all the desert fighting. Returning to England in July, 1885,

he served two years in the Intelligence Department, 1886-8, and spent another two years, 1890-1, at the Staff College. He is a keen soldier, and has devoted himself to the



AGE 19.
From a Photo.
by Maull & Fox.



From a Photo. by] AGE 27. [Hills & Saunders.

study of his profession. In addition to magazine articles and some official confidential works, he is the author of a clever, brightly written narrative of his experiences during the Nile Valley Campaign of 1884-5—"With the Camel Corps up the Nile." He is likewise the author of "The Armies of Europe."



From a] AGE 2½. [Photograph.



From a Photo. by] AGE 5. [Watkins, Regent Street, W.

FRED TERRY.

MR. FRED TERRY is a North Londoner by birth, and was educated first at a school at Notting Hill and afterwards at Dr. Quine's, where Mr. Fred Leslie was one of his schoolfellows. He was then sent to reside with a family at Geneva, in order to acquire a knowledge of French, which he speaks with great fluency. At sixteen he made his first appearance on the stage in "Money," at the Haymarket, at that time under the management of the Bancrofts. After playing the lead in the first provincial tour of "In the Ranks," he appeared at the Lyceum as *Sebastian* in "Twelfth Night," in which his

sister, Miss Ellen Terry, played the part of *Viola*. In 1889 he created the part of *Olivier Deschamps*, in "Esther Sandrez." The most conspicuous of his subsequent successes



From a Photo. by] AGE 20. [Robinson, Dublin.

have been, perhaps, *Gilbert Vaughan* in "Called Back" and *John Christianson* in "The Dancing Girl," at the Haymarket—the latter play being noteworthy as that in which Mr. Fred Terry's wife, Miss Julia Neilson,



From a Photo. by] AGE 27. [London Stereo. Co.

made so conspicuous a success in the part of *Drusilla Ives*. We may remind our readers that Mrs. Fred Terry's portraits appeared in our number for last August.



From a Photo. by] AGE 21. [Chetiennot, Paris.

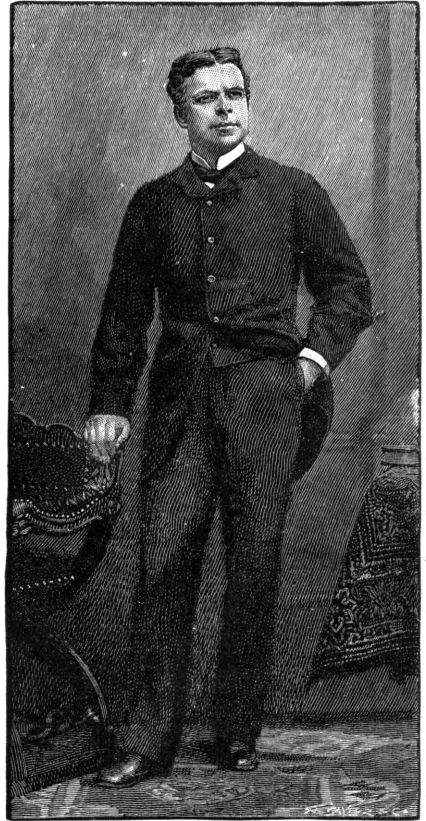
C. COQUELIN
BORN 1841.



ENÔIT CONSTANT COQUELIN, better known as Coquelin Aîné, the finest actor of comedy in France, or perhaps in the world, is the son of a baker at Boulogne, and was brought up to that trade ; but, displaying a great aptitude for the stage, he was admitted to the Paris Cnservatoire, of which,



From a Photo. by] AGE 30. [Etienne, Carjat & Cie.



From a Photo. by] AGE 39. [Hohlenberg, Copenhagen.

at eighteen, he became the most brilliant pupil. He made his *début* at the Théâtre Français in the following year. Since that time his name has been among the most eminent of living actors, and is almost as well known in England as in France.



From a Photo. by] AGE 50. [Thors, San Francisco.



From a]

AGE 20.

[Photograph.



From a]

AGE 30.

[Photograph.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY.

BORN 1838.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, whose services to music have recently been rewarded by the honour of knighthood, was born at York, and was chorister in York Minster from eight years of age to fourteen. At sixteen he became a student at the Royal Academy of Music, where he continued to study for three years. At twenty-five he was appointed organist at St. Andrew's, Well Street, which post he held for eight years, when he was elected organist at St. Anne's, Soho, where he continued until 1886.

During most of this time he was acting as conductor of oratorio concerts, and succeeded Gounod as conductor of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society in 1872. In 1875 he was appointed Precentor and Director of Musical Instruction at Eton College. He was the conductor of most of the Royal and State functions, such as the receptions of the Shah in 1873 and 1889, and of the Czar in 1874. Sir Joseph Barnby's own compositions are very numerous, including the Oratorio of "Rebekah," produced in 1870, Cantata on Psalm xcvi., at the Leeds Festival in 1883, and a very large number of services, anthems, and hymns.



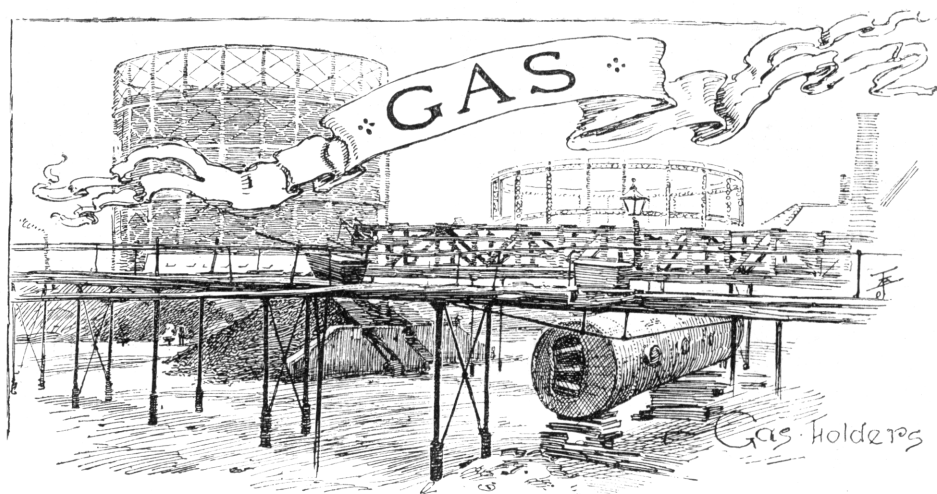
AGE 41.

From a Photo. by Lombardi & Co., 13 Pall Mall East.



PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by Marx, Frankfurt.



BY EDWARD SALMON.



GAS has become so universal an agent of illumination, and enters so considerably into the domestic economy of the world to-day, that it is somewhat surprising to remember the present year is the centenary of the discovery of the practicability of utilizing it for all sorts of purposes, from the lighting of the highway and the home, to the cooking of the dinner on a day when it is convenient to do without a coal fire.

Natural gas, which was spoken of as "spirit," and was more or less of a mystery, had been known for centuries, and is even said to have been used in China as an illuminant long before it was turned to account in Europe. In many places natural gas forced itself up through fissures in the earth, became ignited and burned incessantly, to the terror, no doubt, of some good people, who thought the flame came from Hades itself.

Some time towards the end of the seventeenth century a well in the neighbourhood of Warrington was found to contain inflammable air, and it is believed that the result of the application of a lighted candle to the mouth of this well suggested to the Rev. Dr. John Clayton the idea of making experiments in coal distillation, that is, in the heating of coal until the gas is forced out

of it. He placed some coal in an iron or brick receptacle called a retort, with an aperture through which the gas escaped when distillation, or carbonization, commenced. Dr. Clayton describes how at first there came steam, then a black oil, and then a spirit, the last of course being gas. He had no notion what to do with it, and was surprised to find that as it issued from the retort it caught fire on a light being applied to it. He filled some bladders with it, and when he wished to divert his friends, pricked a hole in one of these bladders, pressed the sides slightly and lighted the gas. Infinite amusement is said to have been derived from watching the "spirit" gradually burn itself out.

It is strange that, though Dr. Clayton thus came about the year 1690 so near to it, the discovery of gas in the form in which we know it to-day was not made for another century—till 1792, when William Murdoch, an engineer in Redruth, Cornwall, conceived the idea.

Certain impurities in the gas as it leaves the retort were the stumbling-block to progress. After some experimenting, Murdoch succeeded in removing them sufficiently to enable him to startle the Redruthians by lighting his own premises with gas before the close of 1792. Murdoch was one of the world's truly great men, and an excellent



DR. CLAYTON'S EXPERIMENT.

story is told of his knack from his earliest days of facing and overcoming difficulties. As a lad he is said to have applied to Mr. Boulton, of the firm of Boulton and Watt, for a job. Poor as he was, he could afford to leave nothing undone which might assist his chances of carrying his point. He

hat, and asked what it was. Young Murdoch's account of how he had made it, not unnaturally, straightway convinced Mr. Boulton that one who possessed such resolution was likely to do great things, and repay a hundredfold any help that might be given him. The lad was engaged, and lived

was told that on approaching the great man it was proper to wear a "top" hat. But he possessed no such thing. That, however, was a detail. He made a lathe, secured a block of wood, and turned a wooden hat out of it. Holding this strangest of head-gear in his hand, he respectfully solicited work, and the reason he was not shown the door as relentlessly as were most of the unfortunates who came on a similar errand, was that Mr. Boulton caught sight of the wooden



A PEEP AT THE GAS LIGHTS IN PALL-MALL.

to become one of the scientists of his age.

Murdoch's successful utilization of gas caused no small sensation, and inspired both hopes and fears. When in the first or second year of the new century an exhibition was given of gas lighting, in Soho, one who was present declared the illumination to be of "the most extraordinary splendour," and no doubt, to eyes accustomed to the feeble oil lamp, it was so. At the same time many people saw in it all kinds of danger, among others, the probable loss of our naval supremacy. It was said that whale fishing would become extinct as an industry if oil were no longer burnt, and that as whale fishing was England's naval nursery, Britannia would soon find it impossible to rule the waves, owing to the want of training on the part of her sons. The story of the progress of gas lighting is long and interesting, but it must suffice here to mention that a corporation, the present Gas Light and Coke Company, was formed in 1810, that Westminster Bridge was first lighted with gas in 1813, Westminster itself in 1814, and the greater part of London in 1816.

In its early days gas afforded the caricaturist many opportunities for most amusing sallies, of which the description to-day of an inflated speech as "gas" is no doubt a survival. George Cruikshank turned the discovery to excellent account, as may be seen in two reproductions which we are enabled to make from his pen. "The Good Effects of Carbonic Gas" appeared in 1813, and "The Introduction of Gas, or Throwing a New Light on the Subject," in 1815.

These were, however, not the first shafts launched at it, for in 1809 Rowlandson permitted his friends a very entertaining "Peep at the Gas Lights in Pall Mall," where, on the site of the Carlton Club, Winsor, the founder of the Gas Light and Coke Company, had premises. In 1807 he gave exhibitions of the new light, and in 1809 and 1810 the efforts to obtain a charter were assisted by keeping the light burning during the Parliamentary Session.

Strenuously opposed as gas lighting was at first, its advantages were too palpable to be withstood for long. Of the many companies in London alone to-day, the first started has attained such dimensions that its directors and officers are called on to deal with administrative matters equal to those



The good Effects of CARBONIC GAS!!!

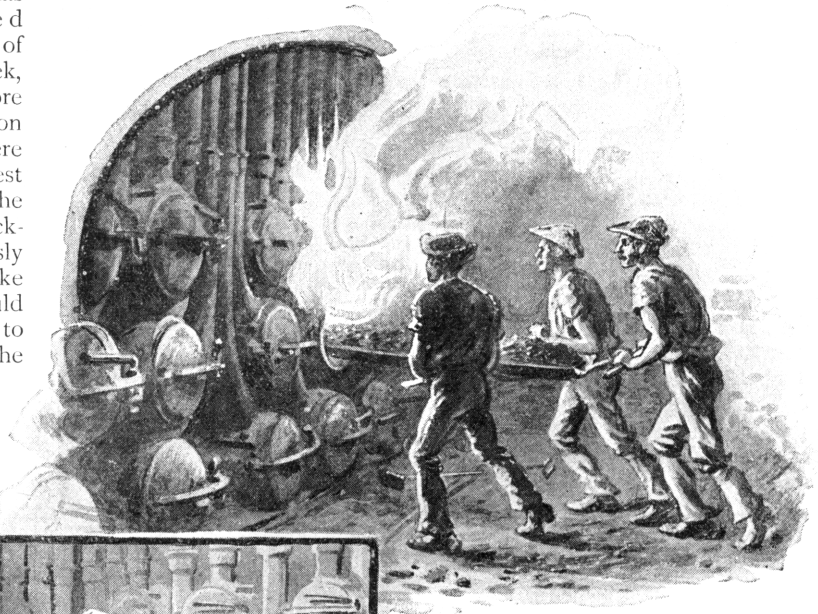
of a small state. The Gas Light and Coke Company's authorized capital is nearly £12,000,000; its revenue account shows an annual expenditure of £2,899,000, and income of £3,673,100, leaving about three-quarters of a million net profit; it employs 11,000 men; supplies gas to 220,000 private consumers, 682 churches and chapels, 530 railway stations and signal-boxes, 297 hotels, 261 Government and municipal offices, 260 banks and branches, 175 hospitals, and any number of prisons, barracks, theatres, palaces, clubs, markets, etc.; its street lamps number 50,351; its length of mains is, roughly speaking, 2,000 miles; and its district is about nine-tenths of London north of the Thames, and a considerable area south of it.

Its chief works are at Beckton, in Essex, where nearly half its gas is made. Beckton is capable of turning out $56\frac{1}{4}$ million cubic feet a day, has carbonized 31,000 tons of coal in a week, and can store 200,000 tons on its grounds. Here are the largest gas-works in the world, and Beckton is obviously the place to make for if we would see all there is to be seen of the process of gas manufacture.

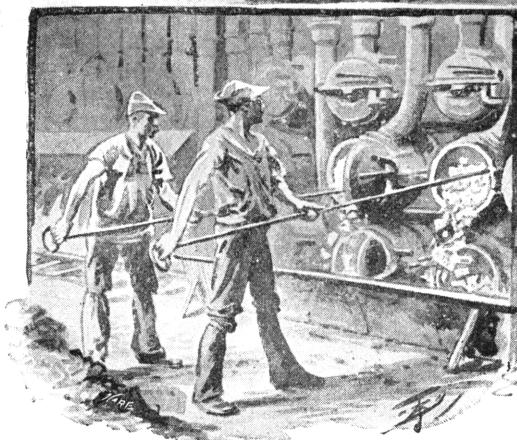
The first impression

at these works is one of bewilderment. Beckton looks a jumble of huge plain brick buildings, of gasholders, of pipes, of railways, and of heaps of coal, coke, and a dust known as breeze. For the concentrated essence of the ugly and unprepossessing, commend us to an extensive gas-works. However, we are here to seek not fine effects but information, and the initial question that we have to put to our kindly guide is inspired by the sight of a small engine, dragging a train of trucks on an elevated railway. It comes along snorting and puffing, and dives into one of the huge plain brick houses just mentioned, through a hole in the wall some 25ft. above the level of the ground.

A minute later another train moves along the rails at our feet, and we are peremptorily warned to look out. "Beware of the trains" is an inscription to be found on walls high



CHARGING THE RETORTS.



DRAWING THE RETORTS.

and low throughout the Beckton Works, and the injunction is not unneeded. The place is simply a network of rails, and trains at times pass over one's head and under one's feet with startling frequency. The former are bringing coal from the pier at the Thames side, and the latter are removing the coke which has recently been taken from the retorts. Let us go to the pier and follow the whole business throughout its various stages.

A ship is just in from Newcastle, and in both of her great holds eight or ten men are at work shovelling the coal into giant skips, which when full are hoisted by a steam crane over our heads and emptied into trucks. When a train of trucks is full, an engine is attached to it, and away it goes over a viaduct some hundred yards long into a retort-house. If not deposited there for use, the coal is carried through it, across a connecting viaduct, to another house, and so on through half-a-dozen houses if necessary. There are a dozen retort-houses at Beckton, to say nothing of one now building which is to be the largest in the world, and from every one of these, engines and a string of trucks pop in and out like serpents at hide and seek.

The floor of the retort-house is between the ground and the elevated railway. Underneath are the furnaces which heat the retorts. The latter are somewhat narrow, oval ovens, twenty feet long, opening at both ends. Each furnace heats nine retorts. These when shut are air-tight, so that the gas can escape only by the pipe provided for it. In some retort-houses, as, for instance, one at the South Metropolitan Works in the Old Kent Road, the doors of the retorts are not of the patent perfectly air-tight order. They have consequently to be luted or clayed over. At Beckton all the men have to do is to close and fasten the retort door to render any escape impossible.

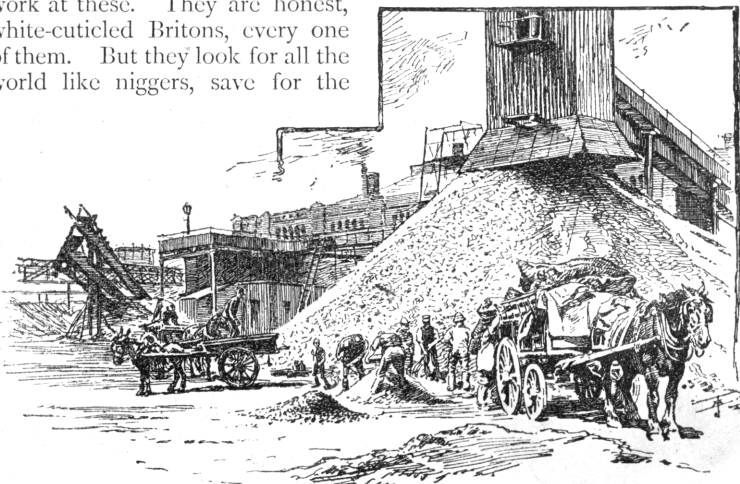
As we enter the retort-house three doors have just been opened and a tongue of flame shoots forth. Three men are at work at these. They are honest, white-cuticled Britons, every one of them. But they look for all the world like niggers, save for the



QUENCHING COKE.

absence of the curly hair and a certain coarseness of feature. Their skins are sable and their teeth gleam with a pearly whiteness almost worthy of the race of which Uncle Tom is so famous a member. Some of them wear only trousers, boots, and a skull-cap; others a ragged flannel jersey as well. If the attire seems scanty, it is soon shown to be more than adequate. Each man picks up a rake, that is, an iron rod ten feet long with some six inches turned at the end at right angles. To lift this rake by one end requires no simple effort, but experience is everything. Grasping the handle firmly with both hands, the stoker places the other end in the mouth of the retort, runs it a little way in, and withdraws a quantity of red-hot coke. This falls through an opening in the floor into trucks below, and is destined either to be used again for furnace purposes or to be sold

to outside consumers. To quench the red-hot coke, either a hose is turned on to it or it is placed on barrows, as at the South Metropolitan Works, and run under a quadrangular water-pipe, where it receives a shower bath, of which, to judge by the way it spits and hisses, it by no means approves. It is then carried along a viaduct and deposited on a tremendous heap in the coke-



THE COKE-YARD.

yard. Our illustration affords a realistic idea of this section of the South Metropolitan Works on a busy day.

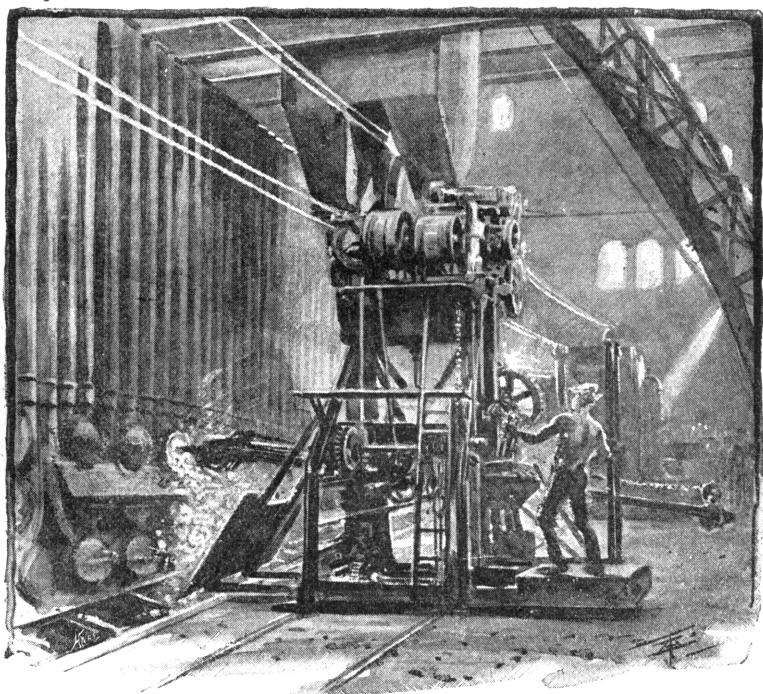
But to return to the retorts at Beckton. In a few minutes the greater portion of the charge has been withdrawn, and one can look—always at a respectful distance—along the retort. The men's work has grown hotter and hotter the farther the rake has been shoved into the retort, and great streams of perspiration run down their faces and backs. In the midst of it all comes along our artist. He is armed with the camera, and suggests that the men should stand still for a while in the act of withdrawing, in order to let him take a shot at them. The proposal strikes one as cool even in this hot house, but the men seem perfectly willing to be roasted alive in order to give him an opportunity of conveying to the British public a truthful impression of the way "it is done." They would make capital martyrs these men, and our artist would make a very daring army general. Fire has no terror for him when he is safely out of its way, and he stands, for what seems to his less exacting colleague an interminable time, counting by his watch the seconds necessary to obtain the negative he wants. But at last he says, "Thank you; that will do!" and the men finish drawing the coke from the retorts.

Then, without the loss of a minute, they prepare to re-charge them. On the ground is a heap of coal running the length of the house, deposited by one of the trains running above, and from this two scoops ten feet in length, containing one hundredweight each, have been filled. One man takes the handle, hoists it slightly, the other two place a bent bar, called a bridle, underneath and about the middle of the scoop, it is lifted to the height required, the nose is thrust into the

mouth of the retort with a dexterity which comes of daily practice, the two men with the bridle find themselves perilously near the flame which bursts forth from the retort, the man at the handle rams the scoop well home, turns it upside down and rushes back with it; the next scoop is treated in the same manner, both scoops are refilled and emptied, and a few shovelfuls of coal thrown in complete the charge.

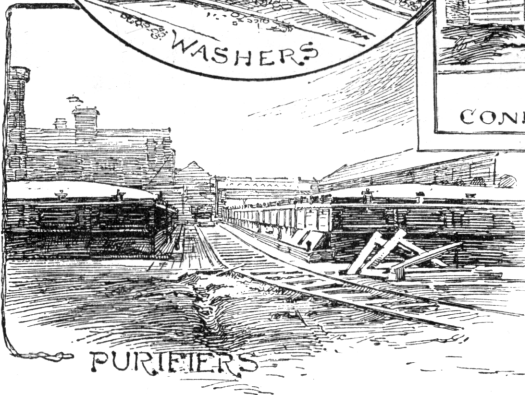
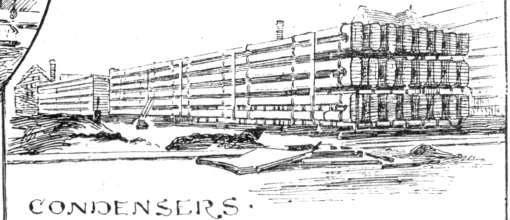
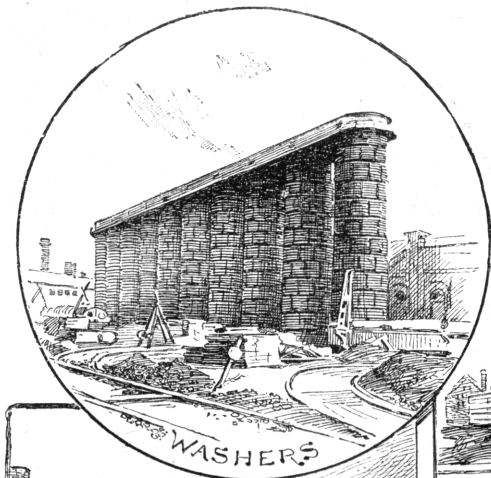
The door of the retort is closed and fastened, the process of gas making has begun, and for the next six hours the coal will undergo distillation. The men have been about forty minutes over their work, and some twenty minutes will elapse before the time to clear another set of retorts is up. They retire to a room, where are many lockers containing their clothes and belongings, and the interval is spent in rest, in gossip, or in snatching refreshment.

The men work in eight-hour shifts, earn good money (the average being £2 a week), and, wearing as their occupation seems to be, enjoy excellent health and opportunities of improving their position. It will generally be found that the foremen in immediate responsibility over the men have risen from the ranks. Two instances of success may be cited. The first is that of a head



CHARGING RETORTS BY MACHINERY.

and down the retort-house, one of which is made to perform the operation of raking out the coke, whilst the other contains a supply of coal from which the scoop is filled. The coal is deposited in the retort-house, is carried in elevator buckets to a hopper overhead, from which it is dropped into the charging machine. A couple of men with very little

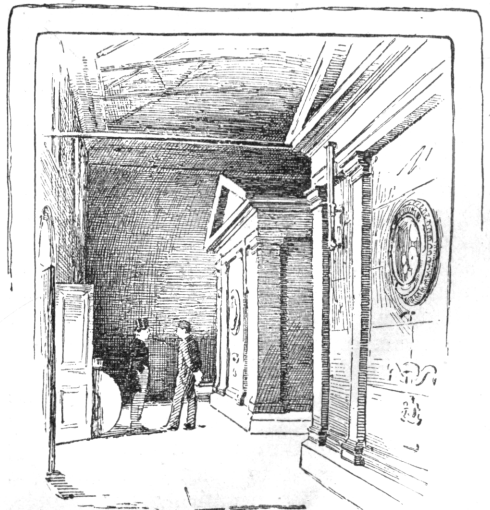


experience can with these machines do the work of several expert stokers.

As the gas leaves the retort it is very hot and very impure. Its temperature has therefore to be reduced and its impurities have to be removed. It passes into a pipe known as the "hydraulic main," the air in which is exhausted by means of engines, which may be seen at work in the engine-house. The main contains water through which the gas is forced. From the hydraulic main it enters the condensers, which are pipes running back-

foreman, now receiving a good salary and enjoying the entire confidence of his employers, who, a few years ago, was an ordinary scoop-driver. The second case is that of a man who, some fifteen or sixteen years since, obtained a job at a provincial gas-works. He was in absolute want, and had walked the roads for many a weary day in search of work. He addressed the casual inquiry, which most pedestrians have heard, to a passing stranger: "Do you know of anyone who could give a man something to do?" He, fortunately, happened to be speaking to an employé of the gas-works, who secured him a post as stoker. He proved himself an efficient and reliable servant, and was ultimately promoted to be head foreman with a salary of £150 a year. He is now the proud possessor of several houses, and is credibly reported to have accumulated, by judicious investment of his savings, as much as £2,000.

Owing to causes in which we need not enter here, it has been found expedient in recent years to replace manual labour to a considerable extent by machinery in charging and drawing retorts. Two carriages work up



Meter House.

wards and forwards one above another in the outer air, or lying under water, the object being to keep them cool, so that the gas may be gradually robbed of its heat as it passes along them.

In its passage through the main and the condenser the gas deposits ammoniacal liquor and tar, both of which are drained off, and utilized in various ways. The gas next enters the washer and scrubber. It is brought constantly in contact with water, which assimilates ammonia; and in the scrubber, a tower of considerable height, it is passed through a quantity of coke, shavings, and other materials saturated with water, so that it is really scrubbed as it progresses. From the scrubber it goes to the purifiers, huge square boxes containing layers of grids well covered with lime and oxide of iron. After this, all that has to be done is to measure it and store it. We who have occasion to know only our own domestic meter, do not instantly recognise its big brothers in the two station meters, which have been aptly likened to mausoleums.

Their size affords an idea of the volume of gas which has sometimes to be made and measured. Some of the gas will be sent along miles of mains to London, there to be placed in holders; some will be stored in holders on the spot. We are fortunate in finding a holder in the course of construction at Beckton. To the passer-by it is complete, but a walk over its top discovers a hole a yard square, down which we gaze cautiously. Thirty feet below is a body of water, and we see that the entire structure is supported by scaffold poles. A man on a raft is pulling himself from point to point by means of a hooked stick. Comparatively few people, even among gas-workers, have been inside a gasholder, and it at once strikes us that a novel experience may be had if we choose to

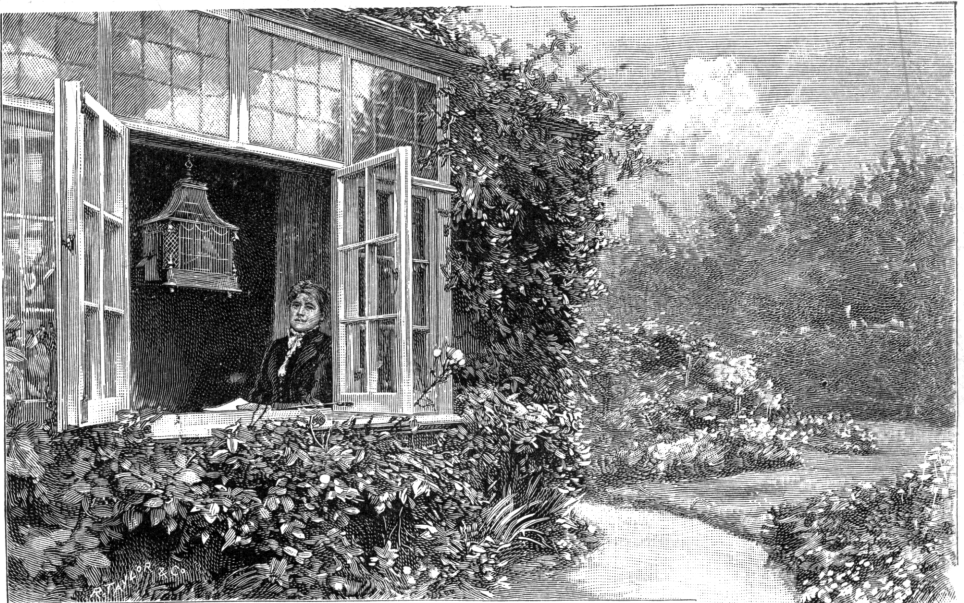


INSIDE A GAS-HOLDER.

risk the consequences of a climb down the swaying rope ladder. The information that a man was recently drowned in such a place only makes us screw our courage more up to the sticking point, and another minute sees us on the ladder. Friendly hands below do what they can to steady it, but only a monkey or an acrobat would make a respectable show on such a contrivance. Landed safely on the raft, the man in charge, whom we immediately dub our gondolier, pulls us round about through a perfect maze of scaffolding which runs from the bottom to the top like a monster umbrella frame. By-and-by the water will be continued right up to the roof, and it will surprise some people to learn that the gas, when it enters the holder, rests on the water and forces the holder up, so that when the holder is full its top is on a level with that of the upright girders which guide its actions, and its bottom only a foot or so beneath the surface of the water, the latter being in a giant stone tank. Water, it should be understood, is an absolute seal for gas, and it is a practical impossibility that a gasholder could, as many imagine, blow up. Such a disaster has certainly never been known.

Illustrated Interviews.

No. XVII.—MISS ELLEN TERRY



From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.)

TOWER COTTAGE—"PRINCE" AND HIS MISTRESS.

IN the course of my chat with Mr. Irving, which appeared in the September number of this Magazine, I casually hinted at a little something which practically amounted to a promise. It was a note from Miss Ellen Terry. That note has been honoured, and it is a pleasurable effort to sit down and endeavour to recollect all that happened during nearly a couple of days spent with her at London and Winchelsea. Eminent people who are homely are positive blessings—and that is just what Ellen Terry is. The first word she said to me when I reached Winchelsea, as she sat holding the reins behind Tommy, the pony, whilst Punch, her dog, seemed to be barking an invitation to take my seat by its mistress's side, was "Welcome!" I shall always remember that greeting and what came of it.

But Winchelsea must wait for a few pages—there is the house in Barkston Gardens to be visited first, and then away to "Holiday Home." If you walked round the square of great red brick houses at Earl's Court which constitutes Barkston Gardens, in the summer

time, you would have no difficulty in finding Miss Terry's house. Its number is—flowers—flowers—flowers! They fill the window-sills and block the balcony of the drawing-room. A man may be known by the pictures he hangs on his walls—so may a woman by the flowers she puts in her vases and windows. Here at Barkston Gardens they are of the simplest and homeliest kind, the tiny blue-bell, marguerite, and the cottage nasturtium. Within this floral exterior I met Miss Terry. She wore a long black gown, which to me suggested *Portia*. She is tall, handsome, with a mouth that has a struggle on the stage to keep away the smiles which refuse to be overcome, and eyes that look at you and twinkle with heart-born merriment. Yet against all this there is a stately grace which indicates what falls to the lot of few women—a merry mood at all times, and gifted genius ever shining through it.

Dear old Mrs. Rumball—her friend of twenty years—sat there watching her every movement.

"My little home!" said Miss Terry, as I entered—"only full of twopenny-halfpenny



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM—BARKSTON GARDENS.

[Elliott & Fry.

things ; but I love them all for dear associations' sake."

Here are a very few of the things of which Miss Terry so wrongly under-estimated the worth. The entrance-hall contains a proof etching of Forbes Robertson's picture of the church scene in "Much Ado About Nothing." To the right is the dining-room—a delightful apartment. The walls are of green, pink, and embossed gold, and harmonize to perfection. A bust of Henry Irving is over a little book-case, the volumes on the shelves—Shakespeare, Thackeray, Dickens—being hidden by art curtains ; drawings by Mrs. Hastings of Mr. and Mrs. Terry—the father and mother of the gifted actress—hang on the wall, together with those of her two children—Mr. Gordon and Miss Ailsa Craig. Over the quaint oaken sideboard is a reproduction of the Venus of Milo. Her table is in the

recess of the window. On this there is yet another portrait of Mr. Gordon Craig—indeed, her two children are in every room of the house.

Next to the dining-room, separated from the hall by great tapestry curtains, is the smallest sitting-room imaginable. I never saw so many chairs in so small a space. This is in every sense of the word a study. In a corner of this apartment is a great resting ottoman, with many pillows thrown negligently

upon it. It is here that Ellen Terry rests and reads, living with the genius of the man who first conceived and penned the lines in that little row of books on the wall, which bear his name in golden letters—Shakespeare. The nick-nacks in this room are countless. A picture of Sheridan is reputed to be by Gainsborough ; there are numerous original studies for costume—principally Shakespearean—and a very small



From a Photo. by]

THE SITTING-ROOM AND STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.



THE ALCOVE.

bust of Fechter is under a glass shade on the mantel-board. A screen of Sir Walter Scott's is noticeable.

The Alcove is the most delightful arrangement in miniature rooms conceivable. It was really a bit of spare landing space—now it is one of the prettiest corners in the whole house. It is of white enamel. As a specimen of artistic furnishing, this little alcove may be opened out as a perfect model. It won't let one get away. How cosy are the cushions under the canopy of the window—how quaint the oaken table and chairs, which are an exact model of those used by Shakespeare himself!

Over the mantel-board are many portraits, all of them autographed and accompanied by kindly messages: Madame Nordica, Miss Julia Neilson—who married Miss Terry's brother Fred—Miss Mary Anderson, Sarasate, and Salvini. Signor Tosti has sent his photo. and surrounded it with words and music—"Good-

bye, Summer, good-bye, good-bye!" Tosti, one day, specially sang this beautiful song for Miss Terry at a friend's house. Very shortly afterwards this pleasant memento came. There is an old picture of Mrs. Cowley, who wrote "The Belle's Stratagem." Where there are not books there are pictures, such as an admirable likeness of Roger Kemble, father of J. P. Kemble; Mrs. Siddons, Sarah Bernhardt, Forbes Robertson, and Miss Terry and Henry Irving in various characters. Fred Barnard, the artist, is well represented with etchings of Mr. Irving as *Digby Grant* in "The Two Roses." An original study as *Hamlet* is striking. There

is also an excellent pencil sketch of Miss Terry as *Portia*, whilst Sidney L. Smith is responsible for Miss Terry as *Beatrice*.

A spinning-wheel is near the window.

"No, you are wrong," said Miss Terry; "that is not the one I used to sit down to as *Marguerite* in 'Faust.' I bought this in Nuremberg and meant to use it, but, believe me, I found that an old 'property'

one looked much better on the stage."

Just then a tiny little piping note was heard. It was as sweet and as true as the note of a flute. It seemed to come from upstairs, and was apparently the gentle whistling of some old German air by an unknown and invisible personage. My inquisitive surprise delighted Miss Terry. She beckoned me. We went tip-toe up the stairs, and as I drew aside the amber silk curtains of the drawing-room, the whistle became louder and sweeter still. Ah, there was the culprit, caged up in the window!

"Prince—my bull-



From a Photo. by] MISS ELLEN TERRY. [Window & Grove.

finch!" cried Miss Terry. How that little creature whistled, to be sure! Just as though its very life depended on the number and purity of its notes.

"He pipes all day," Prince's mistress said, running her fingers along the brass wires of the cage, "and we don't quite know what the tune is. When I bought him he was in a little wooden cage, and on it were written in pencil the names of two songs—'Du bist wie eine Blume,' and—what do you think?—'Poli Perkins!' But he's never whistled of 'My Pretty Polly Perkins of Paddington Green' to this day."

The drawing-room overlooks the gardens, and is fragrant with the perfume of the roses which fill the china bowls on the

of-date, square piano is here, but still delightful in tone, it having recently been completely restored by Messrs. Broadwood. It bears the name of Longman and Broderip—the latter name being very similar to that of Mr. Irving's birth name. It was picked up at Deal. The old firm of Longman and Broderip has been continued through Clementi to Messrs. Collard, who still retain the old Cheapside premises, whence this pretty old piano came nearly a hundred years ago.

The case of curios must not be forgotten. Amongst other things, it contains a pair of old gold buckles which belonged to a Cavalier who was hidden in the oak tree with Charles II.; Mrs. Siddons's Bible, with a letter in



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

tables. A huge bouquet of carnations is just beginning to fade—a few fallen petals are strewn on the carpet. But it will rest there till it drops. It was a gift from Sarah Bernhardt. Tables are set out with silver trinkets, and a cabinet is crowded with blue china. The music of "Henry the Eighth" is open on the piano—on top of which is an oil painting of a corner of the kitchen of the "Audrey" Arms, at Uxbridge. Miss Terry saw this quaint, old-fashioned little place, and wanted it. A difficulty had to be overcome, for it was an inn. The place was bought, and an old woman was employed to sell the beer, and for some time Miss Terry spent her holidays in the rooms pertaining to the old "Audrey" Arms, previous to her settling at Winchelsea.

A beautiful specimen of the original, out-

her own handwriting; a tiara which was once owned by the famous Lady Blessington; a little blue china cup of Sir Walter Scott's; and surely the daintiest and tiniest of lace handkerchiefs—Sarah Bernhardt's. But what gave rise to most curiosity were a number of pairs of eye-glasses. I was holding in my hand a pair with the name of "Henry" written on one glass and "Irving" on the other. Then I learnt that Miss Terry has a rare collection of famous men's glasses, amongst them being Mr. Whistler's, Dr. Mackenzie's, Sir Arthur Sullivan's, and others.

From the time I laid down these eye-glasses and bade Miss Terry "Good-bye," to the day I arrived at the little Sussex village of Winchelsea and heard her "Welcome," was just two months. It was on one of the days just before her return to town and



R. Taylor & Co.

From a Photo. by]

OFF FOR A DRIVE.

[Elliott & Fry.

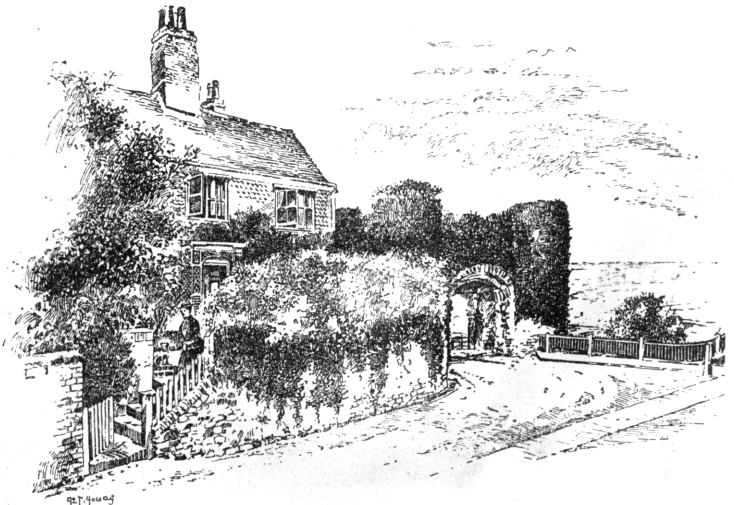
reminds me of a little story, and I thought perhaps you might like to hear it, because some of the people in it have appeared in your Magazine.

"We were stopping about a year ago at the Forest of Dean. There were

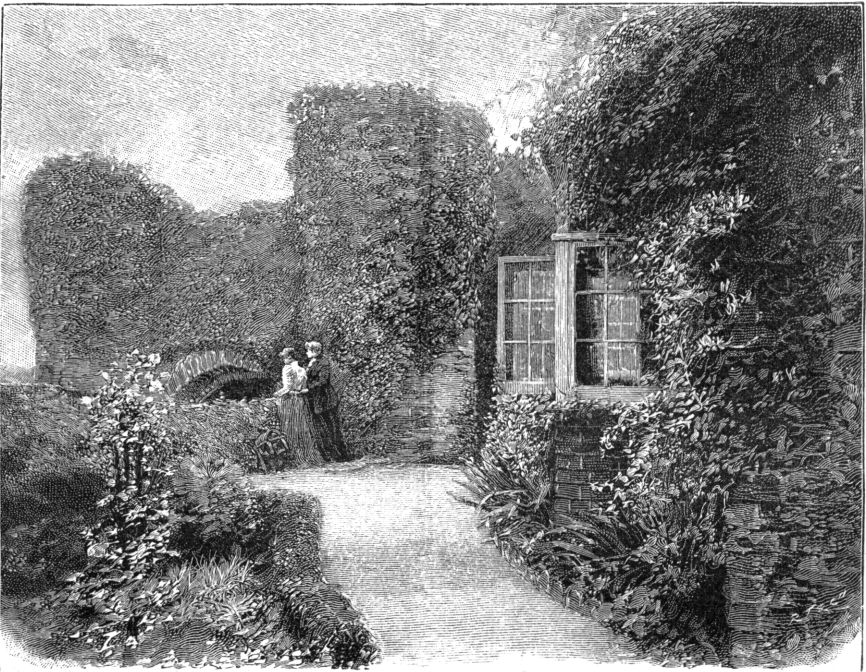
work again. I jumped up in the dog-cart—to which Tommy was harnessed—and Tower Cottage was quickly reached.

"Tommy carried us all the way from London to Winchelsea," said Miss Terry, enthusiastically, "and he'll take us back again. We put our luggage on board—Punch, this young rascal of a terrier, who seems to live only to bark, and Prince. You'll see Prince—yes, and hear him, too, in a few minutes—for he's at the cottage. At a pretty roadside inn we found a wee kitten—it seemed to like me. It came running out to us and appeared lost. It gave such a funny little whine, which seemed to say 'Me-e-ne-e,' so I christened it Minnie on the spot. Isn't this country glorious? Isn't it the place for a rest? But, wait a little! Have I been ill? Yes, indeed. But we won't talk about that; still, it

a good many of us, among whom was Sir Morell Mackenzie. We made an excursion one day to Tintern. On the road my maid called out that something had got into her eye, and that she was in great pain. We stopped at the next village, but the chemist's shop was shut, the chemist being at church, for it was Sunday; but Sir Morell was bent on healing, and rang at the door, got down the different bottles himself, and with his own



TOWER COTTAGE—FRONT VIEW.



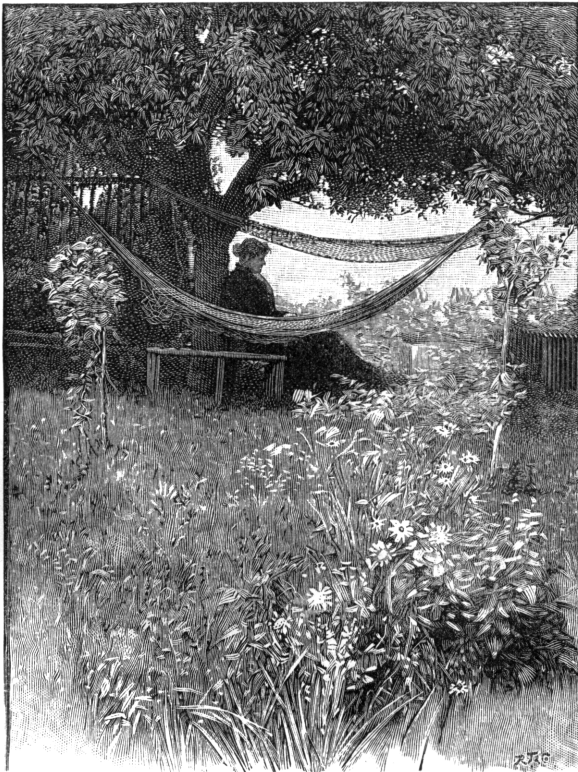
From a Photo. by]

TOWER COTTAGE—MISS TERRY AND HER DAUGHTER IN THE GARDEN.

[Elliott & Fry.

hands prepared a lotion for my poor maid's eye. I need scarcely tell you how much astonished Mrs. —, the chemist's wife, was upon learning the name of her distinguished dispenser, and on our way back the whole village turned out to look at the dear man whose fame for good deeds, great and small, cannot be increased by any words which I could speak, or I would try to grow eloquent and perhaps become inspired by the noble theme."

We had reached the top of



From a Photo. by]

THE HAMMOCKS UNDER THE APPLE-TREES.

[Elliott & Fry.

the hill, drove beneath the old stone gate, curiously enough known as the "Strand Gate," a great pile of ragstone, with towers at each angle, and partially covered with ivy, and stopped at the little white wicket gate. And, true enough, there was Prince, singing away with a heart as free as though he were in the open air instead of in his cage by the window—the same sweet tune. At sight of his mistress he hopped about in mad delight, stretched his little neck and lifted his



From a Photo. by] AS "OPHELIA." [Window & Grove.
(Hamlet.)

head, anxious to pipe his richest notes as an assurance of perfect happiness. And here was the tortoise on the grass and Minnie cuddled up in the doorway, blinking her tiny blue eyes at the sunbeams which were playfully striving to drive the peacefully disposed kitten out of her chosen corner. Whoever built Tower Cottage is hereby publicly thanked—its bricks and latticed windows form the prettiest little piece of architecture of its kind, and its site almost amounts to a paradise. Just look at its walls, up which the honeysuckle is creeping and the roses growing, the great blooming crimson fuchsias, and the paths edged with the greenest of box!—the blackberry bushes, and the hammocks hung in the shade between the boughs of the apple trees! You walk along the gravel paths of the garden, and every blossom on the branches peeping out from the grassy beds appears just to have come there of its own free will. You look around for the sign of a trowel or spade in vain. Nature seems to have been her own gardener, and planned and planted this floral nook. Then come a little farther to this turret built over the stables—the turret top with its alternate green boxes of cloves and nasturtiums, on which a swing seat has been put up. There you get the view.

"I have seen it many times before," said

Miss Terry, "but I always find something more to look upon. Isn't it fair? I love space, and surely it is here. Look, right away across the fields—with the lambs playing about by the side of the winding rivulets—is the sea dotted with tiny vessels. To the left is Rye—it looks like a little hillock of houses, doesn't it?—Rye with its windmills—and every one of them is working. You remember Thackeray's unfinished 'Dennis Duval'? Dennis had a grandfather who was a barber and perruquier, and elder of the French Protestant Church at Winchelsea. Dennis himself often used to walk from this little town into Rye, perhaps past this very cottage! To my mind there is no more restful or more romantic spot anywhere than this. You can't even remember there exists such a thing as a theatre here! But I'll take you round the village this afternoon."

Inside the house was all that was suggested by the outside—all was dainty and in miniature. One thing struck me—there was not a single picture of the great actress herself on the walls. Here were her friends, her two



From a Photo. by] AS "BEATRICE." [Window & Grove.
(Much Ado about Nothing.)

children, but not one of herself. "I don't like seeing myself about the place," she said. "I have a friend who gets every photo. of me published, and puts them in her rooms. I haven't been to see her for some time. It made me quite wretched when I last called; there was I 'weeping' in her bedroom, 'mad' in her dining-room, whilst in the front parlour I was positively 'dying' in three different positions!" Still, it is to be hoped that Miss Terry will not be reduced to despair when she opens these pages, and beholds herself in all the most famous characters in which she has appeared at the Lyceum.

Our luncheon party comprised Miss Ailsa Craig, two friends, Miss Terry, and myself. Punch and Minnie were also present. Luncheon over, we hurried away to the apple trees, and Miss Terry brought out her camera—for she is a wonderfully adept photographer—and insisted on my giving her a sitting. I wonder if Miss Terry knows what happened whilst this was going on? Probably she does ere this; but one member of this very



From a Photo. by] AS "LETITIA HARDY." [Window & Grove.
(The Belle's Stratagem.)



From a Photo. by] AS "CATHERINE DUVAL." [Window & Grove.
(The Dead Heart.)

happy party hastily procured another camera, and, whilst Miss Terry was photographing me, she was "taken" herself. Then we started out for Winchelsea, and what a delightful guide I had! We visited the old prison and judgment house, now used as a public reading-room, and my kindly guide remembered a little entertainment she once gave there, when, together with her daughter and a friend, they made their first and only appearance as "The Three Old Maids of Lee." We looked in

at the old church, and every one of the great square pews seemed to suggest—sleep, sleep, beautiful sleep! We saw the tree under which John Wesley made his last open-air address; the Friary, a fine old specimen of architecture, and the wonderful old gates and cellars of the town, which make Winchelsea a rarity amongst rare picturesque places.

For half an hour—whilst Miss Terry rested a little—I was left alone with a cigar. So I walked and talked with the village children. And I found out that Miss Terry's loving kindness to the little ones is



AS "IOLANTHE."
(Iolanthe.)

From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

known in Winchelsea; as everywhere else. One bright, sunburnt little maid, whom I met in one of the lanes, told me she was going to Miss Terry's to tea "next Wednesday," and, added the child, with eyes as big as stars and twinkling as brightly, "Miss Terry says poetry to us!" I was glad the child told me that, because it made assurance doubly sure of my estimate of the woman's character. I thought of the packed theatre, and the people who had paid half-a-guinea for their stalls; then of the handful of little ones who had an unpurchasable entertainment for nothing—listening to Miss Terry "saying poetry."

I returned to Tower Cottage.

We met again on the turret top, and then I listened to the story of her life. How earnestly she spoke of everything associated with her brilliant career. She has always been in the best circle—theatrically speaking—ever since she began. But she

referred to all this very quietly. If Ellen Terry impresses one on the stage as an actress, how much more does she do so when sitting surrounded by one of the fairest of Nature's scenes, as a woman! When she remembers an incident it is indeed remembered. All the circumstances connected with it crowd into her memory, the place, the people—everything, and she lives through it once again, even though it may belong to her very youngest years.

Miss Ellen Alice Terry was born at Coventry in St. Valentine's month. St. Valentine's month has seen the natal day of many of the great—Wordsworth, Ruskin, Charles Dickens, Abraham Lincoln, Rossini, Joseph Jefferson, Victor Hugo, Handel, Longfellow, J. R. Lowell, George Washington, Cardinal Newman, and Henry Irving.



From a Photo. by

AS "PORTIA."
(The Merchant of Venice.)

[Window & Grove.]

"My father and mother," said Miss Terry, "were acting from place to place. Then I came to them at Coventry. There is no trace of the house where I was born—it may have been at an inn or in lodgings. It is

not generally known that my mother, when eighteen years of age, played the *Queen* to Macready's *Hamlet*. Macready liked playing with my mother; he gave a curious reason for it—'because she wouldn't stick her hair all over with pins!' My own particular first appearance was made on the stage somewhere between the ages of seven and eight, at the Princess's Theatre, under the management of Mrs. Charles Kean. Now, here's an interesting little fact: When I was playing *Puck* at the Theatre Royal, Manchester—and quite an experienced little actress by that time—Mr. Irving, although he is ten years older than myself, was at that time just making his first appearance. But, something more. It is very possible that on the very night he made his first bow, I was having my toe nearly squeezed off! I will tell you the little story.

"I was playing *Puck* in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' and had come up through a trap at the end of the last act to give the final speech. My sister Kate was



From a Photo. by]

AS "JULIET."
(Romeo and Juliet.)

[Window & Grove.



From a Photo. by]

AS "MARGUERITE."
(Faust.)

[Window & Grove.

playing *Titania*. Up I came—but not quite up, for the man shut the trap-door too soon, and caught my toe. I screamed, Kate rushed to me, and banged her foot on the stage; but the man closed the trap tighter, mistaking the signal. 'Oh! Katie! Katie!' I cried.

"'Oh! Nelly, Nelly!' returned my sister.

"Mrs. Kean came rushing on, and made them open the trap, and so I released my foot.

"'Finish the play, dear,' she whispered, excitedly, 'and I'll double your salary!'

"There was Kate holding me up on one side and Mrs. Kean on the other. Well, I did finish the play; it was something like this:—

"If we shadows have offended ('Oh! Katie! Katie!')

Think but this, and all is mended, ('I hope my poor toe will!')

That you have but slumbered here
While these visions did appear. ('I can't! I can't!')

And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream; ('Oh! dear! Oh! dear!') and a big sob.)

Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend. ('Oh! Mrs. Kean!')

"And so I got through it. My salary was doubled, and Mr. Skey, President of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, who chanced to be in a stall that very evening, came round behind the scenes and put my toe right. He remained my friend for life. I can well

heartrending was the scream, that it electrified the audience.

After leaving the Keans, Miss Terry appeared at the Royalty and Haymarket Theatres. Already her work was being closely followed by the critics. Then came the first playing with Mr. Irving. It was at the old Queen's Theatre, in "The Taming of the Shrew." Miss Terry said that it was such a foggy night that you could scarcely see across the stage. The usual forebodings predicted by such a dark night, however, have not been realized, for surely no work could have been brighter or more brilliant than that which was subsequently—and is to-day—associated with the names of Mrs Terry and Mr. Irving.

After an absence of seven years from the stage, she played a short engagement at the



AS "QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA."
(Charles I.)

From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

remember Charles Kean—he was so charming and lovable; Mrs. Kean was more alert and admirable. He was very fond of children. He had a rare way of amusing us little ones at the theatre. He had a tiny ballet skirt made. This he put round his hand, and placing his third and fourth fingers out and folding up the others, it looked just like a little woman dancing. Oh! how we used to scream with laughter, and the louder we laughed the higher the lady kicked."

Everybody saw in the child Nelly an actress; but this was strongly substantiated one night in a remarkable way. It happened through a scream. She was playing in a piece in which she had to put a snake round her neck and scream. Of course, the snake was not real, but so intense and



From a Photo. by]

AS "CAMMA."
(The Cup.)

[Window & Grove.

last-named theatre, followed by engagements at the Prince of Wales's and the Court. Then came a memorable night: her first appearance with Mr. Irving, at the Lyceum, as *Ophelia*, on December 30th, 1878—nearly fourteen years ago. Since then, as effort succeeded effort, creation succeeded creation, so has she advanced in the favour of the



AS "LUCY ASHTON."
(Ravenswood.)
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

public, and made good her claim to rank amongst the greatest actresses our country has given us. *Pauline, Portia, Desdemona, Juliet, Lady Macbeth*, and many more; how well we know them all!

Miss Terry well remembered that memorable night of December 30th, 1878.

"You ask me if I know what nervousness means," she said. "Why, I am so high-strung at the Lyceum, on a first night, that if I realized that there was an audience in front, staring at me, I should fly off and be down at Winchelsea in two two's! I shall never forget my first appearance at the Lyceum as *Ophelia*. Dear old Mrs. Rumball—you remember meeting her at Barkston Gardens?—was waiting for me in my dressing-room. I finish my part at the end of the fourth act—I couldn't wait to see the fifth. I rushed upstairs to my room and threw myself into her arms.

"I've failed—I've failed!" I cried, in despair.

"No, no!"

"But I have—I have. Come along," and we hurried away from the theatre, I in my

Ophelia dress, with a big cloak thrown around me, and drove up and down the Embankment a dozen times before I dared go home."

"And when you saw the papers in the morning, how did you feel then?" I asked.

And as Punch, the terrier, came rushing down the path towards its mistress, the reply to my question told everything.



From a Photo. by]

AS "NANCE OLDFIELD."
(Nance Oldfield.)

[Window & Grove.

She simply answered—and with all her heart—"Very happy."

"Dead! Dead, sir! Dead little doggy. Why won't you die? I really think this dog is as mad as a hatter. If he doesn't alter, I shall certainly call him 'The Hatter.' Die doggy, die!"

Punch did die eventually. He lay on his side, with his legs as stiff as those of a mahogany table. Then at the words "One—two—three!"—equivalent to the tolling of the bell—up he jumped, fully decided that it was downright ridiculous to die when he could live and be happy at Winchelsea.

Then tea was brought out, and over a refreshing cup, accompanied by delicious bread and butter and sultana cake—real sul-



AS "LADY MACBETH."
(Macbeth.)

From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

tana cake, with plenty of plums in it! —I learnt much of the greatest interest. Dress is a very important matter with Miss Terry. She, with Mrs. Comyns Carr, designs her own costumes. Miss Terry thinks—and rightly too—that a dress should do much to indicate the character of the woman who is wearing it, as witness the dress she wears as *Lady Macbeth*, which looks like a coiling snake. "I could have gone mad," she said, "as *Ophelia*, much more comfortably in black than in white. But, oh! the little ins and outs of which the public know nothing. *Hamlet* and *Othello* must be black, then *Ophelia* and *Desdemona* must be white." Then on the question of studying a part. Any school-girl can *learn* the words of a part, but that is a very different thing to knowing and growing up, as it were, with the character you are called upon to conceive and create. To study means to *know*, to know means to *be*. I saw one of her

books. Its leaves were interspersed with almost as many notes as there was type—notes on the character of the woman, period, costume, surroundings, influences. One little note reads: "Character—Undemonstrative — Singing voice — About twenty-five;—She ought to be nice-looking, for the King of France took her without any dower; every servant in the Court loves her—indeed, the Court Fool pines away when she goes to France." Some half-dozen books, all for the same character, are full of notes of this kind. She loves *Beatrice* and *Ophelia* the best, and the shortest and smallest part she ever played was only a year or two ago, when she went on at an amateur performance, and the applause which greeted her would scarcely allow her to give her one and only line: "Please, ma'am, are you hin or are you hout?"



From a Photo. by]

AS "VIOLA."
(Twelfth Night.)

[Window & Grove.

"I feel very strongly about girls going on to the stage," said Miss Terry, quietly. "They talk so glibly about it—but they don't understand it a bit. I look upon going on the stage as a divine mission—a mission intended for the few and not the many. You can't *teach* acting. It is the same as everything else—acting is a gift, a precious gift, which must be highly cultivated, and those who possess it can't go and tie their talent up in a napkin and bury it in the ground. It must—it *will* come out. I examine lots of girls in elocution—how few of them possess the one thing needful."

But the contents of the little silver teapot were all gone, the cream in the jug at a premium, and the sultana cake a thing of the past. So we went into the house, and a pile of letters

a clergyman's son. Will you lend me £8?" Here is another:—

"Dear Madam,—I have just been offered a position of clerk in Manchester. I cannot afford a ticket from London. I should like to go on a bicycle. Will you, dear madam, give me one, and, if you will, will you do a



From a Photo. by]

AS "ELLALINE."

[Window & Grove.

(The Amber Heart.)



From a Photo. by]

AS "OLIVIA."

[Window & Grove.

(The Vicar of Wakefield.)

was brought out. These are some of the missives which fall to the lot of a great and popular actress:—

"Madam,—I am a gentleman, although

double-barrelled kindness and buy it at my brother's shop?"

"Then," said Miss Terry, "I have any number of letters from people who want to dress me at the theatre for nothing. Poor creatures! They little know what is in store for them. 'Lizzie'—her name is Julia, so I suppose that's why I call her Lizzie—Lizzie has been my maid at the theatre for fourteen years, and I haven't quite killed her yet!"

Birthday presents! On her birthday flowers are arriving at Barkston Gardens all day long; yes, and fruit and vegetables, too. Many old market women know her, and with reason; and when the 27th of Valentine's month comes round they like to send their little presents. Miss Terry might have read,

"Because you have been kind to me," written in large letters on the sack, which contained a bushel of potatoes, sent from an old woman last birthday.

Yet, a very precious present was given to her once. She was playing *Frou-Frou* in the provinces. One of the actors got to know that it was her birthday. In the last act of this play, when *Frou-Frou* is dying, she asks for her locket, in which rests the portrait of her little child. The locket was brought. *Frou-Frou* opened it, and there was a picture of her own two children. Needless to say, the acting at this moment did not lose in its intensity.

Together we looked through her album. A portrait of the Queen comes first, then follows a view of Hampton Court, where Miss Terry's first cottage was situated. The album is full of friends, and by the side of views of places visited are tiny flowers, bits of grasses and ivy gathered there. Both her children always give her a present on the first night of a play. Here is a faded rose from her daughter on the first night of "The Dead Heart," and next to it the original of a piece of music which her boy composed in honour of the event.

As we shut the album, Miss Terry cried out merrily:—

"Now let's go and see the hop-pickers. There will be plenty of time before dinner. Come along."

It was quite dark when we—Miss Terry, her daughter, and myself—got into the carriage. As we drove along the lanes of Sussex, what stories we listened to!

"People think they see everything on the stage," Miss Terry said. "Nothing of the sort. Acting is an art which can show what you want to show, and hide what you want to hide. I remember years ago playing with a well-known actor. He was full of tricks, and was the possessor of a false tooth. In a certain play he was on the stage with me, and I had to sit with my face in full view of the

audience. Suddenly—in a most serious part—he pulled out his handkerchief and put it to his mouth. I knew what was coming—I knew it—the false tooth! He dropped something from his handkerchief on the ground at my feet! I trembled—I could scarcely go on. The manager noticed it and at the conclusion of the scene came up.

"'Why, what has upset you, Miss Terry?'

"'I expect I did,' said the culprit, who was standing by; 'but I think it very hard on me that Miss Terry should be upset only because I let fall—an acid drop!'"

We had reached the hop-pickers, and our carriage drew up by the side of the hedge in the dark lane. It was a most impressive scene—the tents of the pickers standing out like phantoms, the whole thing being made all the more weird by the light of the fires over which the hoppers were bending, cooking their evening meal. It was all so silent, save for the voice of a hop-picker who would suddenly shout out some command, or the cry of a child; for the tiniest of workers may be found "helping mother" in the fields by day. I can see Miss Terry now, as she stood up in the carriage and looked upon this striking picture.

"If that could only be reproduced on the stage!" she said. "Look at it now. Wait a

moment—until it is very still. Now. Now what does it look like? Why, the finest idea of a battle-field by night it is possible to have."

As we drove back again we stopped for a moment to hear the owls hissing amongst the ivy which covers the walls of the old church. How they hissed—a positive warfare in hissing!

Miss Terry leant across to me, just as an extra strong noise came from the ivy, and said merrily:—

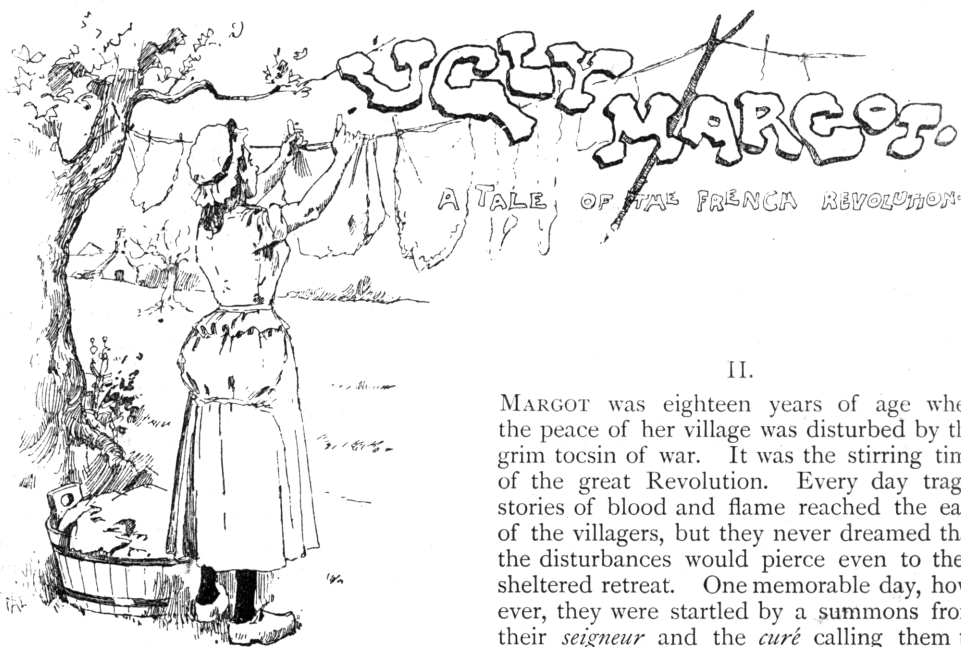
"I don't think I have ever been hissed, but in future I shall come here and study my parts. Then I shan't get vain!"

HARRY HOW.



AS "QUEEN KATHARINE."
(Henry VIII.)

From a Photo. by Window & Grove.



I.

IN a picturesque cottage of a retired straggling village in the province of La Vendée, dwelt an aged woman and her granddaughter, Margot. Margot was amiable, cheerful, industrious, kind; she possessed, in short, every feminine gift save one. That one was beauty! She was so ugly that the neighbours had given her the name of *la vilaine tête*. But Margot was a good girl, and did not murmur at her deprivation. On the contrary, she was thankful for her perfect health and strength. She thought little of her appearance, or, indeed, of herself at all, being always so much occupied with her duty. She was the best *savonneuse* in the village. She washed the linen of the neighbouring château, and her own and her grandmother's caps and kerchiefs were conspicuous for their whiteness and dainty get-up. In spite of her ugliness, everyone loved Margot. It is true that she was called *la vilaine tête*, but nicknames among rustics are not necessarily tokens of ill-nature or dislike. Margot bore the designation with perfect equanimity, for she had another, pleasanter one. She was also called: *The good Margot*.

II.

MARGOT was eighteen years of age when the peace of her village was disturbed by the grim tocsin of war. It was the stirring time of the great Revolution. Every day tragic stories of blood and flame reached the ears of the villagers, but they never dreamed that the disturbances would pierce even to their sheltered retreat. One memorable day, however, they were startled by a summons from their *seigneur* and the *curé* calling them to the aid of the Royalists. Thenceforward no sounds of joy were heard in that once happy spot, unless it were the savage shouts of occasional triumph. The church bell, no longer a message of peace, called now to blood and battle. The sports and labours of the field were abandoned for fiercer pursuits. The cloud of anxiety darkened every face. Each day brought new events: some fresh encounter, some impending danger, some hard-earned victory. Many a gallant youth of the village lay unburied on a distant battlefield; others, after every action, returned home to die. As the Vendéan women were forbidden to follow the army, most of them remained and performed all the duties of guard-mounting and patrolling like experienced soldiers. Some, however, of the more adventurous, disguised as men, girded on swords and mingled in the ranks, leaving their infants and aged parents to the care of those who, like our gentle-natured heroine, stayed at home. The church had been turned into a hospital, wherein, under the direction of the *curé* and of a surgeon, tender-hearted and tender-handed women ministered to the wounded victims of the war. One of the most loving and skilful of this noble army of nurses was Margot.

III.

NEARER and nearer to the devoted village swept the wild current of war; for the wide-spreading force of the Republican arms was now driving the gallant Vendéans to the more remote and difficult positions. Margot's village became the headquarters of one of the retreating bodies of Royalists. All was bustle and excitement. The *seigneur*, having escaped death in several desperate encounters, had reached again his own roof, there to enjoy such a measure of repose as his anxiety would allow him. The general commanding, with his staff, was, of course, lodged in the château. Margot was appointed washer-woman to the whole establishment. This provided her with ample employment for both day and night, and put besides a lot of money into her pocket.

One night, as the girl was busily preparing some linen, which was to be delivered at the château on the following day, she heard a gentle knock at the outer door. She raised the latch unhesitatingly, but started back in dismay at sight

of the figure standing there. It was that of a young soldier in the Republican uniform, unarmed, with pale face, and a ghastly wound upon his forehead. One arm was bound with a coarse handkerchief, and supported by his cravat, which served as a sling. His feet were bare, his clothes torn in several places, and covered with dust and mire. "Hide me!" he said, in a hoarse, hurried whisper. Royalist though Margot was, she could not withstand this appeal. She drew him quickly in, and fastened the door.



"SHE STARTED BACK IN DISMAY."

La Crosse (for such was the stranger's name) then told Margot that he had that day, after a skirmish in the neighbourhood, been brought as a prisoner to the village. After a brief examination by the Royalist officers, he had been thrust into a wretched hovel. His guards had kept careless watch, and he had contrived to make his escape. While searching for a hiding-place, he had been attracted by the light in the cottage window, and, seeing through the lattice that there was only a young woman within, he had determined to throw himself upon her protection.

The poor fellow entreated Margot to shelter him. Not in vain. She led him softly to her own little chamber, and insisted on his occupying her bed. She warmed some water, with which she bathed his wounded forehead and lacerated feet. She next bound up his contused arm, then brought him food and drink, of which he stood in sore need. After that he fell asleep, and Margot, who had had by this time sufficient experience to see that his wounds were not dangerous,

left him. She spent the remainder of the night on an arm-chair by the kitchen fire, laying plans for her guest's complete escape.

IV.

MORNING dawned, and the wearied-out man still slept. Margot, again busy in her kitchen, was feeling strangely happy, although she knew that she had put herself in peril of punishment, should her aiding and abetting be discovered. But as she opened the casement to admit the delicious morning air, she saw a sight which struck a chill to her heart.

Three or four armed men were coming out of a cottage opposite, and she rightly conjectured that these were searching for their escaped prisoner. Rushing to her room, she shook the man awake, and hurriedly explained to him his danger. Then she flung over him a huge heap of the unwashed linen which lay there ready to her hand, leaving only a small opening at the back of the bed, through which he had barely sufficient space to breathe. She was just in time! When, a minute later, the door of the cottage burst open, and the soldiers appeared, the girl's head was bent over the wash-tub in the kitchen. The men's rough voices roused the old grandmother in the room within. With a terrified scream, she hastened into the kitchen, and demanded the reason of this visit. When she understood their errand, she was furious. That they should dare to suspect *her* of harbouring a rebel! Her indignation found vent in no measured terms. Paying no heed to the old woman's reproaches, the soldiers proceeded to search the cottage. They invaded the sanctuary of the good dame's repose, and prodded her bed with their bayonets. When satisfied that no living thing lurked beneath the blankets, they went next to Margot's room. The heap which lay upon her bed was about to be subjected to a similar examination, when the old woman fiercely interposed, exclaiming that it was the general's linen, in

time to save the heap from perforation and the secret from discovery.

Margot, meanwhile, stood by, silent, and almost senseless with fright, until she saw the soldiers, still pursued by her grandmother's tongue, leave the cottage. Then, with a deep sigh of relief, and a great heart-throb of thanksgiving, she turned again to her work.

V.

MARGOT had to resort to many and strange devices in order to keep from her grandmother the secret of her guest. The old lady marvelled greatly at her grand-daughter's sudden prodigious access of appetite, which Margot tried to persuade her was the effect of her increased exertions. The anxious girl employed herself in unceasing efforts on behalf of her *protégé*. Night after night she wore herself out in altering the appearance of every article of his attire. She cut his soldier's coat into the jacket of a civilian; stripped it of its military ornaments, and turned the skirts into a cap.

Meanwhile, daily skirmishes were taking place between the Royalist and Republican troops, and a great battle was expected. At length, La Crosse could endure confinement and inaction no longer. One dark night, amid heavy rain, he took leave of his protectress, who forced upon him her last-remaining coins, and cautiously made his way to the Republican army.

VI.

THAT night of La Crosse's departure was the eve of the battle. Margot was awakened the next morning by the cannon's roar. Where was her friend? was her first thought. Making a hasty toilet, she flung open the cottage door, and ran at her utmost speed to the nearest rising ground in the direction of the battle. There is no need to describe the terrible scene. Amid all those sickening sights and sounds fear for herself never once entered the brave girl's mind; all her anxiety was for *him*—her late guest.

For a time victory seemed to smile upon the Royalists. But suddenly their opponents made a general and overwhelming charge, which



"THE OLD WOMAN FIERCELY INTERPOSED."

carried before it the broken parties of the Vendéans like the *débris* upon the bosom of a flooded stream. On towards the village swept the mingled mass, and Margot, stunned and almost stifled, was hurried along with it. All the cottages of the place were speedily set on fire by the ruthless victors, that of our heroine being one of the first to perish. Never again did Margot see her poor old grandmother, or learn for certain of her fate! The church itself, in which numbers of the pursued had taken refuge, was soon in flames.

When at last the tide of battle had ebbed away from the wrecked village, Margot, having marvellously escaped all personal injury, but nearly dead with grief and horror, was free to weep in solitude over the smoking heap which was all that remained of her home. With a burst of agony she buried her face in her hands, and sank almost unconscious upon the ground.

VII.

SHE was aroused by a voice that seemed familiar; it was calling "Margot!" She lifted her head. It was La Crosse, who, fearing lest harm might befall his benefactress, had come in search of her. With suddenly renewed vigour she sprang to her feet, and was hastening to meet him when she saw him fall. He had been shot by a party of three or four Vendéans, who had caught sight of the detested Republican uniform which he had now re-assumed. Margot rushed to his side; the Vendéans did the same. They were strangers to Margot—men from another village. Two of them, with a rough curse, forced her with them into the wood, whilst another rifled the body. "Dead!" the girl heard them say.



"ON WHICH SIDE ARE YOU?"

VIII.

WHEN evening fell, Margot took advantage of the dusk to escape from her captors. With heavy yet eager heart she at once sought the spot where La Crosse had fallen. No trace of his body was to be seen. The heart-broken girl wandered aimlessly on, until, in the neighbourhood of the château, she was stopped by a Republican soldier of ruffianly appearance. "On which side are you?" demanded he, in a fierce tone. "Royalist," murmured Margot, too utterly spent to think of the peril she incurred by

such an answer. She was instantly made a prisoner, and passed the night, with many other unfortunates, in an outhouse belonging to the château. At day-break, after a scanty meal, the party of captives was sent off on the road to Nantes.

IX.

WE will not dwell upon the sadness of Margot's farewell look upon the ruins of her beloved village, or on the miseries of the journey to Nantes, where hooting and reviling greeted the arrival of the hapless Vendéans. Our poor Margot, nearly dropping with fatigue, covered with dust, and at no time of a prepossessing appearance, was

singled out as the principal butt of ribaldry and sarcasm.

Several of the prisoners died during the first night in the dungeon of Nantes. In the morning a strange scene was enacted. For the women of the newly-arrived band one chance of life and doubtful liberty remained. Each Republican soldier was permitted to choose from among the condemned one woman, to be acknowledged as his wife. All were chosen but one. Need we say that this one was Margot?

X.

MARGOT was sentenced to transportation, but weeks passed before the sentence was carried out. At length, on the appointed day, she was conducted from the prison to the boat. Her face was besmeared with dust and tears; her clothes were disordered and torn; her hair hung all dishevelled upon her shoulders. When she reached the boat, in which several other victims of the war were already embarked, she was pushed over the side by the guards, and received by the soldiers aboard with a shout of derision.

The preparations were all complete, the boatmen in the very act of pushing from the shore, when a young soldier, flushed and

panting, forced his way through the crowd, plunged into the water, seized the prow of the boat, and cried in a loud voice: "Stop! stop! I claim that girl for my wife!" The object of his choice shrieked at sight of him, and, as he held out his arms to receive her, fell into them fainting. A roar of ironical laughter went up from the onlookers. But La Crosse—for it was he, who had been only stunned, not killed, by the Vendéan ball, and had now recovered from his wound—cared not a whit for their jeers. He believed that "Handsome is as handsome does," and, as Margot had acted handsomely by him, he was bent upon behaving handsomely to her. They were married that very day, and "lived happy ever after!"



"I CLAIM THAT GIRL FOR MY WIFE."

Types of English Beauty.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEX. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.



MRS. CAMERON.

MISS KENNA.

MISS BROWNRIFF.



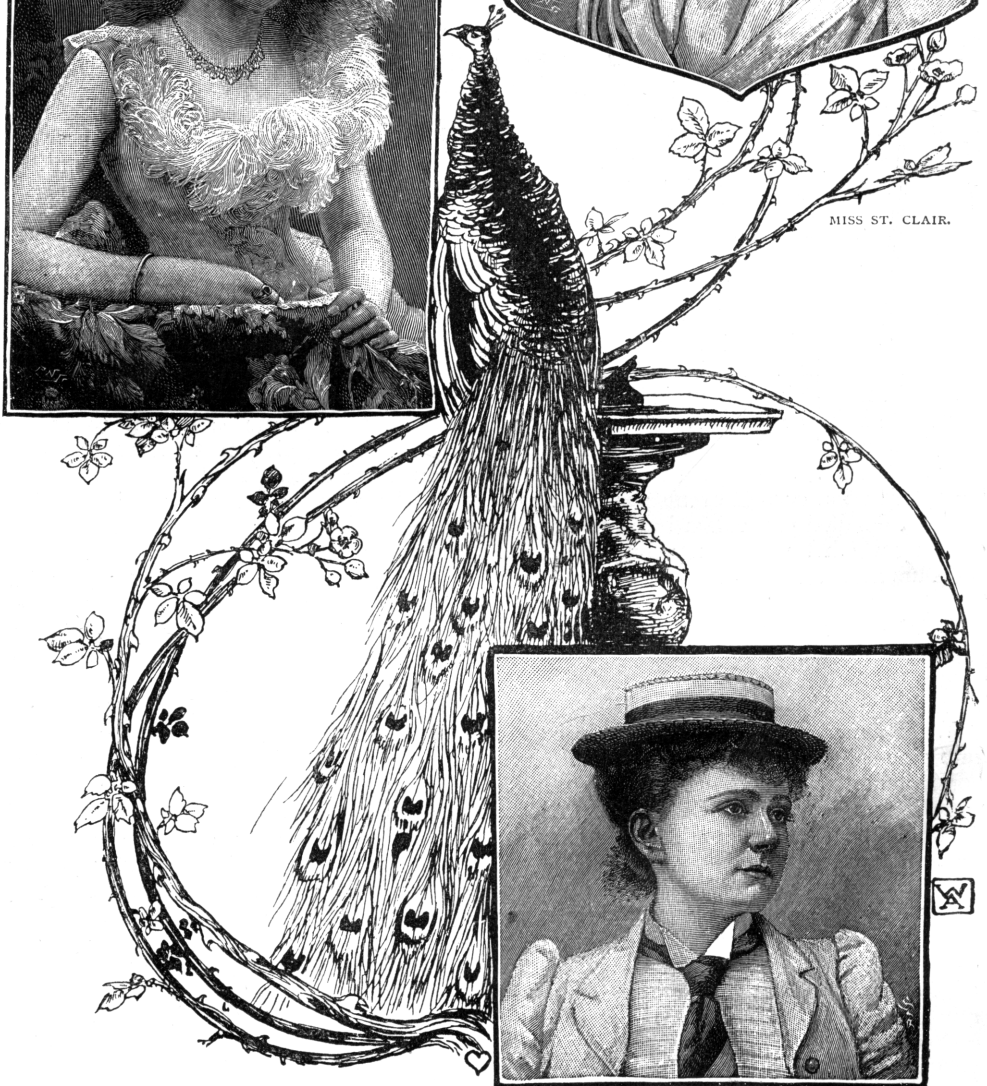
MISS REISS.

MISS CARLISLE.

MISS KINGSTON.



MISS ST. CLAIR.



MISS GOSSE.



MISS FORSYTH.

A Palpitating Interview.

BY MRS. E. BAUMER WILLIAMS.



"Lincoln's Inn, May 5, 18—.
MY DEAR JACK,—Your letter of yesterday has completely staggered me. Of course you will rely on me for the 25th, although your extraordinary secretiveness about the affair fills me with the gloomiest forebodings. Oh! Jack, Jack! has the fascinating Kitty really succeeded in bowling you over at last? Her efforts on board the Wilmots' yacht would enable me to credit anything with regard to her powers of persuasion—but you, no: I'll not believe it! You used to be blessed with the usual average of intelligence. I hereby chuck Miss Kitty overboard, neck and crop, and await your answer to this. And be so good as to remember that I am only human, and don't keep me in suspense. Who is 'she'? What is her name? Where did you meet her? And where, oh! where have all the matrimonial prejudices fled?

"If I am to be 'best man' on the 25th, it will never do for me to appear on the scene in such a condition of benighted ignorance upon current events; so I insist on full and detailed particulars by the next post, pending which I reserve my congratulations.—Yours most anxiously,

"MELTON WINTHROP.

"P.S.—If it turns out that it *is* Kitty Simmonds, after all, you can look up another best man, for I'll not assist at the ceremony in any capacity."

While converting this characteristic epistle into pipe-lights I pondered my reply. I was sorely tempted to keep up the mystery a little longer, but I finally rejected the idea. It would be a shame to Kitty Simmonds, whom I remember to have rather liked. I never could understand Winthrop's ill-nature about that poor girl. She certainly never made love to *him*, though she undoubtedly singled me out as an object for civility. To tell the truth, it had more than once crossed my mind that there might be a spice of jealousy at the bottom of it, for I should probably have forgotten her existence if he were not in the habit of constantly offering

her up in his caustic way. The study of motive is a very curious one.

Well, but Kitty had nothing whatever to do with my plans for the 25th. So I, too, determined to "chuck her overboard," and decided to relate my plain, unvarnished tale to my old chum, determining that he should have no cause to grumble at paucity of detail. After all, he was too good a fellow to tease.

With my feet in a pair of comfortable slippers, a pipe in my mouth, and peace and goodwill in my heart, I poked my fire and settled down to transcribe a full and open confession on a sheet of foolscap which lay ready to hand.

"May 6, 18—.

"My dear Winthrop,—Your promise to see, the last of me on the 25th is a shade grudging, perhaps, but I shall rely on you all the same.

"Why, you idiot, K. S. married young Lee Simms, whom she used to snub so unmercifully during that memorable cruise, about three months ago!

"I have known it for an age, but could not resist fooling you to the top of your bent, whenever you raved on the subject.

"Well, my news astonished you a little, eh? Read the following true and particular account of my proceedings; I am not afraid but that the conditional congratulations will follow.—Yours always,

"JACK C. CARLTON."

I have a very old friend named Stelling, who has a private asylum for lunatics at Ashmead.

He is the most delightful, open-handed fellow in the world; everyone has a good word for him, and though many years my senior, he and I are capital friends.

His dinners are good; his dances—well, just what dances should be, plenty of pretty girls and waltzing men, plenty of room, a good floor, a good band, and a hearty welcome. His wife is just such another kind, genial soul as himself.

The house is divided into two parts: one reserved exclusively for patients, the other

appropriated to the Doctor's private use. A fine rambling old place it is, too, and in the cosy, habitable part it is next to impossible to realize anything suggestive of constraint or restriction within such easy reach. Indeed, the fact that I am in an asylum never crosses my mind when I am under Stelling's hospitable roof.

One of these delightful dances was on the *tapis* a short time ago, and though on the same evening there arose the densest fog I think I have ever seen, I was determined not to lose the fun and started for Ashmead.

I soon began to wonder whether I was really in my senses in making the attempt, but once started I pushed on, persuading myself that it would be as difficult to retreat as to advance, and battling with difficulties about which you shall laugh another time.

The point at present is that I did finally arrive at my destination, but at so absurdly late an hour that I found the festivities well-nigh over, many of the guests having withdrawn, while others were in the act of saying good-bye.

Clamorous shouts of derision greeted my entrance, and naturally inspired me to enlarge and improve upon my series of adventures since leaving my chambers, and straightway I did "a tale unfold," that carried, as it was intended it should, consternation before it.

Dismay was written on every face, and when the excitement had somewhat subsided, the Doctor's cheery voice was heard to announce that not a soul should leave his house that night to encounter such perils as I had described.

Of course, there were demurrings from the girls, over-ruled and set aside by brothers

in charge, and after an endless and distracting buzzing of tongues, our host's suggestion of unlimited shake-downs was carried unanimously, and then began some fun. The Doctor was in his element. The servants, who one and all adore their master, were summoned to the council, and plans were proposed and discussed for the accommodation of the multitude.

Ceremony was cast to the winds, and the resources of the establishment freely canvassed.

The discovery of various odd corners in which the men could be stowed away; the lavish distribution of mattresses for the ladies; the extension of sundry easy-chairs for the accommodation of long legs; all these gave scope for an amount of ingenuity which rendered that evening one to be remembered.

When all was arranged, and we began to feel, like the village blacksmith, that we had earned a night's repose, we were standing, a merry group, in the great hall preparatory to a general good-night.

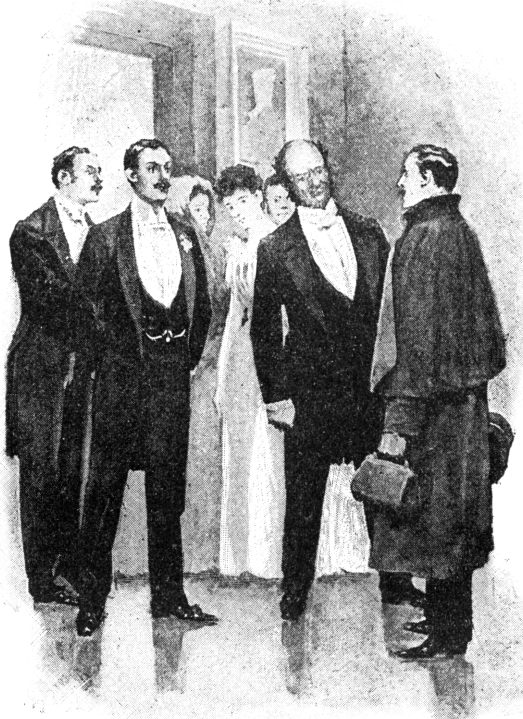
Stelling beckoned me aside.

"Look here, Jack," he whispered, "you are

not the fellow to be subject to the twatters. I shall have to put you up over there," pointing with his thumb over his shoulder to the lunatic half of the building. "I can't help it, and it has its advantages, too. You'll have more than a square inch to turn round in, and that's what I can't offer you on this side. You don't object?"

Well, I did object most emphatically, but I lacked courage to say so, and the faint smile of acquiescence which my features assumed was born rather of politeness than of bliss.

"Why, of course, Doctor, if you like. They can't get out, I suppose?"



"SHOUTS OF DERISION GREETED MY ENTRANCE."

"Get out, my dear boy! Lord, no,—that is, they don't get a chance. Thank my stars, it is an age since we had a night disturbance. It was Rathbone's fault, my head keeper, and the poor devil got his throat cut for a punishment. Nasty business, that—but I'll tell you all about it another time. Come now, good people, the tempus is fugiting, and everyone in the house is bound to be up and stirring at six in the morning. Off you go to bye-bye." And, amid much noise and laughing, the final farewells were said.

There was no help for it then. As I followed my old friend along the corridor, I found myself repeating, in an idiotic, parrot-like way, "Rathbone," "throat cut," "nasty business," etc., until we reached the end of it. Stelling stopped here, and touching a spring in what I had always regarded as a blank wall, caused a sliding panel to glide on one side, and admitted us to the unknown territory beyond. The panel closed again, and we found ourselves in the dark. "Wait," whispered Stelling, "till I strike a light." He need not have been alarmed; I had not the least intention of abandoning him in the darkness, and pushing on on an independent voyage of discovery. I waited, then, till a small electric

lamp which he carried lighted up his kindly features, and then prepared obediently to follow wherever he led. As we passed an occasional doorway, hung with a heavy curtain, my guide stopped and whistled softly, when the sound was repeated from within, and we again continued our march. At least it was reassuring that someone besides ourselves was on the alert, and I began to pull myself together, and make headway against my absurd cowardice, when all at once, the sound of a ghastly and prolonged chuckle broke the stillness and threw

me into a cold perspiration. I convulsively clutched at Stelling's shoulder, who quieted me with a polite "Don't be a fool, Jack!" and we stood motionless for at least five minutes; then we again moved on, and at last pulled up in a snug little apartment, lighted up with a cheerful fire, which threw a cosy flicker on the wall, and gave me a comfortable sense of well-being. After all, it was not so bad. I was by this time dead tired, and, sinking into a huge arm-chair, I kicked off my boots and began to feel at home. This was easy enough as long as Stelling would stay with me, but I dreaded

the moment of separation which was at hand, and I chattered on industriously, jumping from one topic to another with feverish ingenuity in the effort to keep him at my side. At first it was all very well, but it soon became deplorably evident that Stelling wanted to go to bed. I felt sorry for him, but continued, notwithstanding, to plunge into one anecdote after another of rather doubtful veracity, charging madly at reminiscences which had their origin in my excited brain alone, and, even resorting to riddles, I plied the poor fellow with why and because until his brain became sodden, and undisguised snores took the place of polite

yawns. The end came, however, and, as we at length nodded good-night, and I watched his burly form recede into the corridor beyond, I had hard work to refrain from following him to implore him not to abandon me, and to impress upon him my willingness to accompany him to the ends of the earth, or of any other place he might select, rather than that I should lose sight of his cheery face.

I did ejaculate his name in a feeble voice after the door closed, and he heard me and looked in again.



"I CONVULSIVELY CLUTCHED AT STELLING'S SHOULDER."

"I don't see any gas, Doctor."

"Gas, eh? Why, you are a pretty chap to expect such a thing in this part of the house! We should all be burnt in our beds, or blown into next week; no, no, best in the dark. You've got matches? Yes, and a candle? All right! Good-night again," and this time he was really gone.

I listened until the last sound of his footsteps had died away, and then proceeded to make a survey of my surroundings. There was really nothing awe-inspiring in my new quarters. An inviting bed, with a gay silken eider-down stretched across its white coverlet, was the reverse of terrifying, but before testing its good points, I decided to make a hasty investigation around. On inspecting the match-box, to begin with, I experienced a slight shock; it contained exactly three specimens, and, laying them carefully side by side, like the corpses on the shining sands, within easy reach of my hand, I fervently trusted they were good of their kind. I opened a deep cupboard in the corner, and ejected an enormous dressing-gown which confronted me with outstretched arms, and made me feel a little uncomfortable. No

possible emergencies), and got between the sheets.

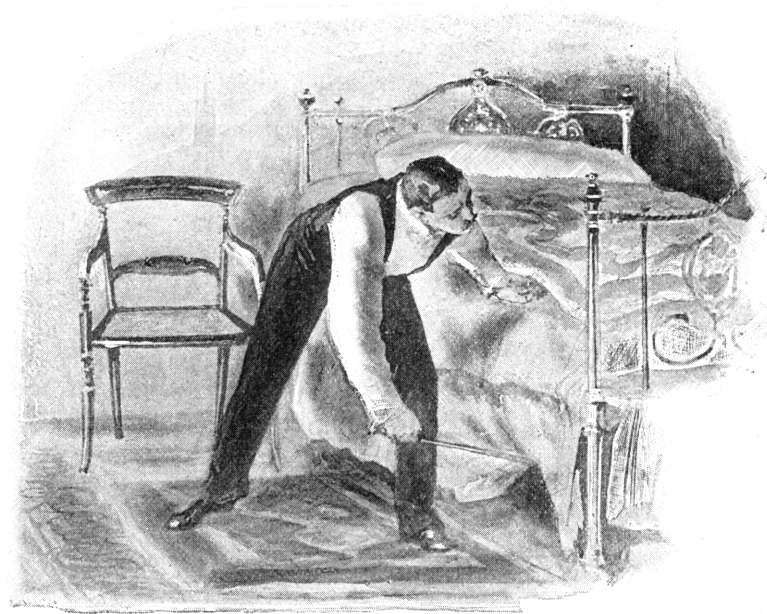
Here I lay for half an hour or so, watching the antic shadows of the firelight on wall and ceiling, tossing and plunging round and round, and working myself up into a state of restlessness about as far removed from repose as can be imagined. The demon of unrest had got possession of me. In vain I thumped my pillow and turned from side to side; I was fairly on the *qui vive* for something to happen, and, after ten minutes' more fruitless attempts to sleep, I tumbled out of bed with a groan, wrapped myself in the thick dressing-gown which had startled me a short time before, and, raking together the dying fire into a comfortable blaze, I settled myself in the easy chair before it, and, with my feet on another, resigned myself to wakefulness.

On the table in front of me were a few books—odd volumes of Waverley I found they were—and, opening one listlessly, I began to read. In five minutes, I must record, with due apologies to dear old Sir Walter, that a delicious sense of drowsiness began to steal over me; in ten, the chaste Rebecca was pelting the Templar with

ginger-bread nuts, while her wounded knight gobbled up a venison pasty as if he liked it.

Alas, portentous dream! I found myself suddenly wide awake again, this time with the appalling consciousness that I was ravenously hungry. On making this discovery, I sat bolt upright in sheer desperation. I knew what it meant well enough—that sleep was now really out of the question for me till my cravings were satisfied.

I reflected that I had eaten nothing since midday, and that I had fully



"A SERIES OF VICIOUS POKER-THRUSTS."

resistance being offered to a series of vicious poker-thrusts which I bestowed under the bed, I manfully extinguished the candle (there was only about an inch and a half of it, and I thought it prudent to reserve it for

intended an attack on a noble sirloin which had attracted my attention on the dining-room sideboard soon after I had entered the house. In the confusion which followed my arrival, however, I had forgotten my supper;

and, now that my mind had regained its normal condition of calm, the pangs of hunger were returning with renewed insistence.

My sufferings were now of so practical and matter-of-fact a nature that I could afford to laugh at my previous "ado about nothing"; and so utterly had my imaginary alarms fled that I found myself calmly contemplating a prowl below, in the hope that if the beef had been removed, I might at least lay hands on something eatable, which the tired servants had left to be cleared away in the morning.

Drawing my wrap closely about me, and arming myself with candle and matches (still, thank Heaven! in the plural), I opened my door, and peered cautiously around before sallying forth on my voyage of discovery. All was profoundly still, and I ventured out, finding my way easily enough to the sliding door, which, to my astonishment and delight, was not so difficult to open as I had fancied it might be. A little fumbling and prodding, and by good luck, I hit upon the spring at once, and passed through. All was now plain sailing, and I pushed on; but how cheerless and changed everything was! How feeble the light of my solitary candle compared with the glare which had previously brightened up the old hall, and shed its lustre on the crisp holly and evergreen decorations that now loomed sombre and dark from its corners.

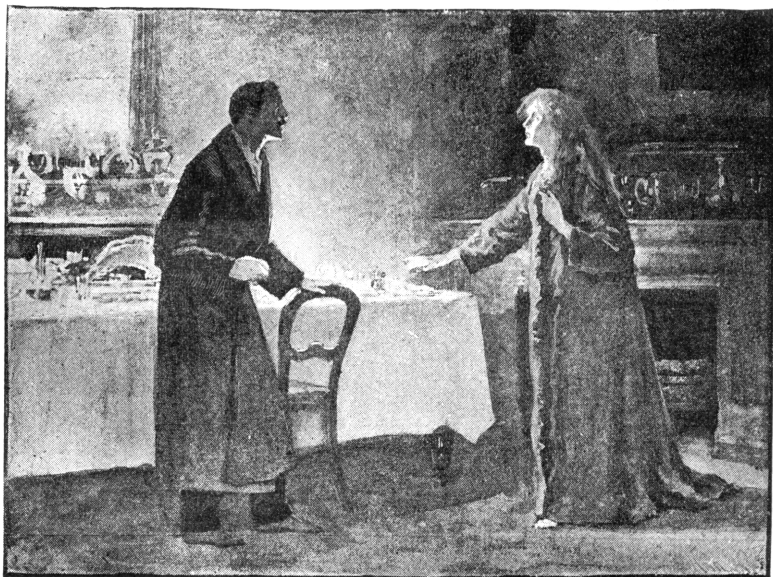
There was something oppressive in the profound silence which renewed my uneasy qualms. Silence, did I say? What was that? I could have sworn to a distinct, though faint, rustling behind me—nay, my excited fancy created for me a stealthy footfall, as well as a smothered sigh. I came to a dead standstill, peering breathlessly around, till the fancy died away again. What folly! All was as still as death, and I could plainly hear my own heart thump-

ing absurdly against my ribs. Once more my fears of I knew not what subsided, and, hurrying on again, I gained the deserted supper-room, there to behold my friend, the beef, in all his glory. I made for that beef without loss of time, and seizing the carving-knife which lay by its side, I looked round for a moment among the littered glass and china for a resting-place for the candle.

While doing so I chanced to raise my eyes to the long looking-glass behind the sideboard, and remained frozen with horror, gazing at the sight that there met my view. Merciful Heaven! what does it mean?

A woman stood there, clothed in a long, loose robe of crimson, her beautiful hair in the wildest confusion over her shoulders, and her bare feet flashing white against the red. But the face! It was exquisitely beautiful, but never had it been my lot to witness such a wild, frenzied expression on any countenance. Its startled, hunted look filled me with a terrible fascination, and I was literally incapable of removing my eyes. Hers, with an agonized horror in them impossible to describe, were fixed on my features, and, as she slowly advanced towards me, I gathered up the remnant of my scattered nerve, turned and faced her.

As I did so, a change of lightning swiftness passed over her whole demeanour. She paused; then, smiling slightly, advanced again until we were within a couple of feet of each other; her eyes fell, and she was calmness itself. But the bewildering trans-



"I TURNED AND FACED HER."

formation was shocking to me—it was enough that I had seen in the plate glass the more ghastly side of the picture, and her assumption of absolute indifference impressed me terribly.

For several moments we faced each other in silence, then my companion stepped deliberately forward, and laid an icy cold hand on mine, which was grasping a chair back. Its touch broke the spell, and brought me to a complete mastery over myself. I realized to the full that on my promptness and decision depended, it might be, the life of this helpless being, pity for whose unhappy face stirred my soul.

I took in mine the cold hand she had extended, and, while gently chafing it, considered my best plan of action.

I must, of course, try to convey her whence she came, and that without frightening her or raising an alarm; any undue excitement should be guarded against at any cost. The next instant I had to deplore my want of foresight. She must have been watching her opportunity, for, abruptly drawing her hand from mine, she darted behind me, and, before I had guessed her purpose, had possessed herself of the huge carving-knife, which I had a moment before placed on the table.

I felt she had scored one in the encounter, and, cursing my short-sightedness, I vowed that no other false move of mine should give her the advantage. I, too, would be on the alert, but I knew I must proceed with caution.

I closed the door and placed my back against it, while she employed herself in hugging the huge knife to her bosom, her large, penetrating grey eyes never once leaving my face.

I returned her gaze as calmly and composedly as I knew how, and assuming the quietest and most everyday tone at my command, I pointed to her bare feet and said, severely, "How very silly to wander about the house barefooted on such a night! You will most certainly take cold."

Beyond a slight start at the sound of my voice, she took no notice of my remark, so I tried again, and ventured gently to suggest she should return to her room.

This time she murmured a few words which I did not catch, then, after a pause, she spoke out clearly and distinctly:—

"Thank you; but I am not at all cold, and do not intend returning to bed yet. I mean to stay here for a short time."

"In that case," I rejoined politely, "let

me offer you a chair, or, better still, this sofa. I, too, strangely enough, am feeling restless, and disinclined for sleep. If you will allow me, I will keep you company."

She made no objection, and after some slight hesitation placed herself upon the couch I indicated. As I covered up her feet with a woollen antimacassar, which I took from a neighbouring chair back, I heard a weird, terrible little laugh, which made me shudder from head to foot.

I dragged forward an easy chair, and took my place opposite her. She was trembling violently, whether from the effects of the cold or suppressed excitement I could not determine; but she still clasped the knife with a feverish energy, and I, while turning over in my mind the best way to get hold of it without irritating her, continued to talk as indifferently as I could, although I had the conversation entirely to myself. Yet I could feel she was listening to me and following my words, while never for one instant relaxing her fixed gaze on my features.

As the moments sped on without fresh outbreak on her part, I leaned back in my chair, and tried to persuade myself that her expression was growing calmer and more tranquil.

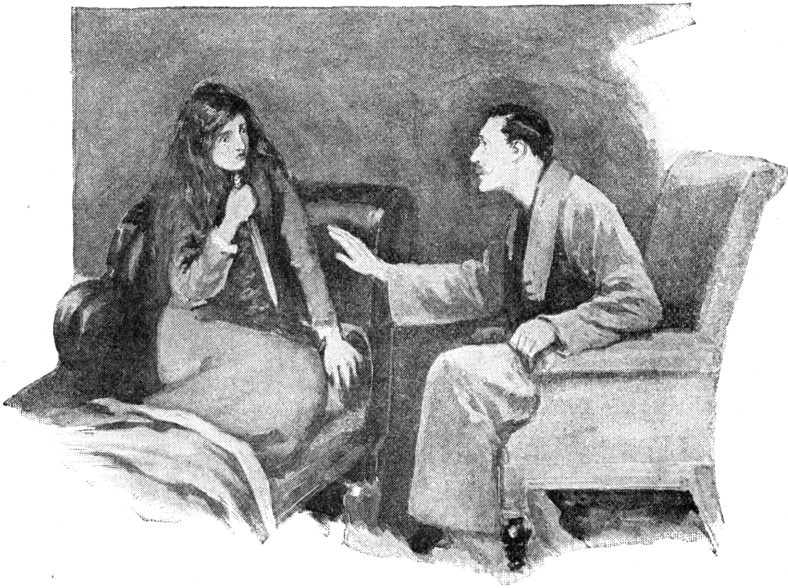
I glanced across the room at the candle: it was perceptibly smaller, and I shuddered at the thought that darkness might fall upon us with that ghastly weapon still between us. She was holding it in one hand now, and the gleaming blade was partly hidden by the laces of her dress, so I determined, if possible, to possess myself of her other hand. To my surprise, after some faint resistance, she relinquished it to me quietly enough, and it lay passively in mine, its soft quiver thrilling me from head to foot. Then I leaned forward again, remarking in a casual way that she must be tired of holding that heavy knife; if she would allow me, I would replace it on the table for her.

It was a false move. I saw in an instant that I had lost ground again; the old excitement was returning with renewed force, and she started back, clutching the weapon more eagerly than before.

"No, no!" she panted, wildly, "you shall not have it, I tell you; I want it myself."

"Nonsense," I said, lightly; "why not let me put it down for you?"

She clenched her hands and made a movement forward, and I nerved myself for the struggle. None came, however, to my intense relief, and, shrugging my shoulders, I sub-



"CLUTCHING THE WEAPON MORE EAGERLY THAN BEFORE."

sided back into my chair and resigned myself to patience.

"Keep it, of course, if you choose; it makes no difference to me."

She gave a sigh of relief, and a swift glance in my face, and in a moment it was evident that her mood had changed. Placing her hand again on my arm, she seemed struggling to keep back her tears, and at length, with a pathetic sweetness in her voice, she spoke again.

"I think you look kind and good! I am sure you would not harm me!"

"Harm her!" Poor hunted creature! I whispered words of sympathy and reassurance, and succeeded once more in calming her. I now decided that any fresh attempt to force the knife from her would be worse than useless, and again we relapsed into silence. I was really beginning to feel quite worn out, and over and over again, while considering the embarrassing situation, was tempted to make a dash for the knife, and shout for help at the same moment; but I determined, if my patience would hold out, that any coercion would be best avoided. As to leaving her alone, that was undoubtedly out of the question. I was practically helpless, then, as long as she clasped to her bosom the murderous steel, which she might in an instant employ in a manner which I shuddered to contemplate.

Besides, a new idea had now seized me, which I hailed as a possible mitigation of the strain which was beginning to tell upon me.

If she would but fall asleep! She was so still, so intensely still! Yet, though I tried to persuade myself to believe in such a piece of good luck, I had all the while a strong misgiving that she was very wide awake indeed, and that a close, though stealthy, scrutiny of me between her half-closed eyelids had never for one instant relaxed. I am quite unable to say how long this state of things endured, though I remembered noticing with thanksgiving that when the candle expired with a sickly gasp in the socket, some faint rays of coming dawn were finding their way into the room.

And so we remained facing each other in the terrible silence, until at length it became intolerable, and I spoke again.

"Look! Do you see the day is breaking? Now, what if you were to go back to bed, and try for an hour's sleep before sunrise? It happens so often that, when sleep is driven away early in the night, one can rest just before morning. Come," I continued, gently, "do return to your room to please me."

She shook her head, and I went on desperately. "It was our thoughtless, noisy merriment last night that roused you and disturbed you from your rest, I suppose. We were very selfish to forget all the trouble and suffering that were so near us."

The effect of this remark was electrical. She half started from the sofa, snatched her hand from mine, and gazed eagerly in my face.

"You mean you were at the dance?" she cried, wildly. "*At the dance!* Then you are—that is, you are not——"

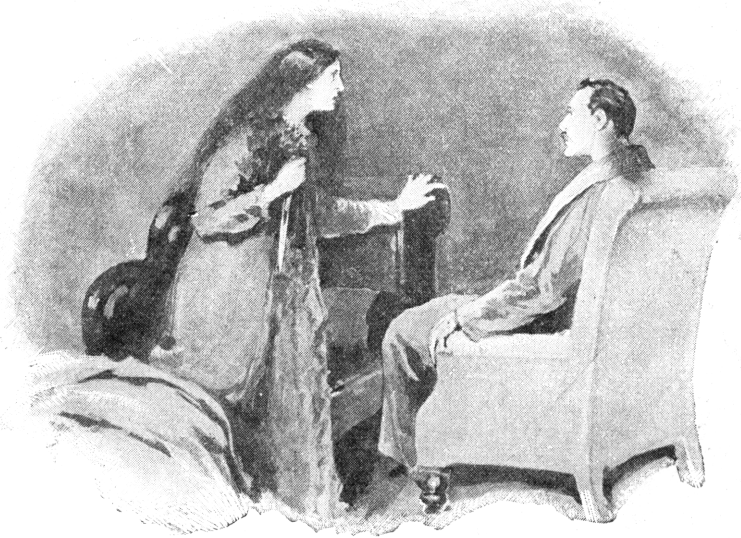
"A patient?" I shouted, a light breaking suddenly upon me. "Not I, thank Heaven! And you?"

But she was gone. Before you could say "Jack Robinson!" that girl was up two flights of stairs and out of sight, leaving me like one in a dream, gazing stupidly at the knife, which she had flung on the carpet at my feet. Then I slowly turned and made for my room.

During the remainder of that bewildering night much of the truth dawned upon me; but it was not until after explanation that I

supervision, and determined to follow me at all costs and give the alarm. But it was not until she saw me seize the carving-knife that her apprehensions reached a climax; and it was at that moment that I first caught sight of her in the glass. Afterwards, half dead with fright, she remained by my side, having the strength of mind to sustain a two hours' *tête-à-tête* with one whom she believed to be a dangerous lunatic, in the hope that her presence might avert a catastrophe.

That she was Dr. Stelling's ward I learned from Mrs. Stelling, who, knitting in hand, was entertaining me with a cup of tea and small talk the next afternoon, when all the noisy guests had departed. I had remained in my



"AT THE DANCE?" SHE CRIED, WILDLY.

learned and realized in its fullest extent the heroism of my beautiful companion. I was told that she was Dr. Stelling's ward, and that, though staying in the house, a severe headache had kept her to her room during the dance, and of the subsequent housing of so many of the guests she, of course, knew nothing. On awakening from the first heavy sleep into which she had fallen, she was startled by the sound of the clicking of the sliding panel—which I manipulated clumsily enough—and, cautiously opening her door, she caught sight of a strange man creeping stealthily past. She was perfectly familiar with all the inmates of the house—including the attendants—and, as I was quite unknown to her, she decided at once that I was probably a patient escaped from

room until late in the day, really feeling too seedy to put in an appearance earlier, and had just accepted a pressing invitation from the Stellings that I should remain with them for a few days, and be doctored up.

"You really look thoroughly out of sorts, Mr. Carlton," said my kind hostess, eyeing me sympathetically; "and now that all these gay young people have cleared off, I shall have to nurse you up before we allow you to leave us."

I assured the good lady that I should, in a very few hours, be as good as new again, and wondered how I should find out, as I was burning to do, whether my unknown acquaintance had also "cleared off" with the rest.

"Nobody is here now but Dulcie," con-

tinued Mrs. Stelling, placidly counting her stitches between every pause. "Dulcie? Oh, yes! of course you wouldn't know her. She is Dulcie Challis, my niece, and the Doctor's ward, and she sails in the *Kangaroo* on the 18th, to join her uncle and aunt in Jamaica."

I was afraid to be too inquisitive, and decided to wait as patiently as I could for the further development of my little romance, but I sounded my hostess cautiously as to the previous night—whether the visitors had enjoyed rest in their extempore shake-downs, etc., and could glean nothing that implied anything like the adventure in which I had so strangely shared. I therefore concluded that my fair friend had kept her counsel, as I religiously kept mine.

When I entered the breakfast-room the next morning, my doubts and conjectures were dispelled. My heroine and Dulcie turned out to be, as I strongly suspected, one and the same. She was already seated at the table, and when Stelling introduced us,

second time in my life, through the looking-glass.

She became pale now, and obviously ill at ease and constrained. The Doctor glanced curiously from one to the other, and rallied his ward on her absent-mindedness; and when, with manifest effort, she became bright and talkative, I watched my opportunity for insinuating myself into the conversation, which I daresay I did clumsily enough.

It was wonderful, however, to notice how soon all restraint died away. In half an hour we were capital friends, and the rest, I think, I need not tell you. The 18th came and went, and Dulcie did not sail in the *Kangaroo*.

Stelling always declares that he saw on this occasion, for the only time in his life, a genuine case of love at first sight. "You couldn't take your eyes off her from the first, old fellow! Don't tell me! I saw you plainly enough peeping at her in the mirror. As for her," he continues, confidentially, "as for her: I've known that girl

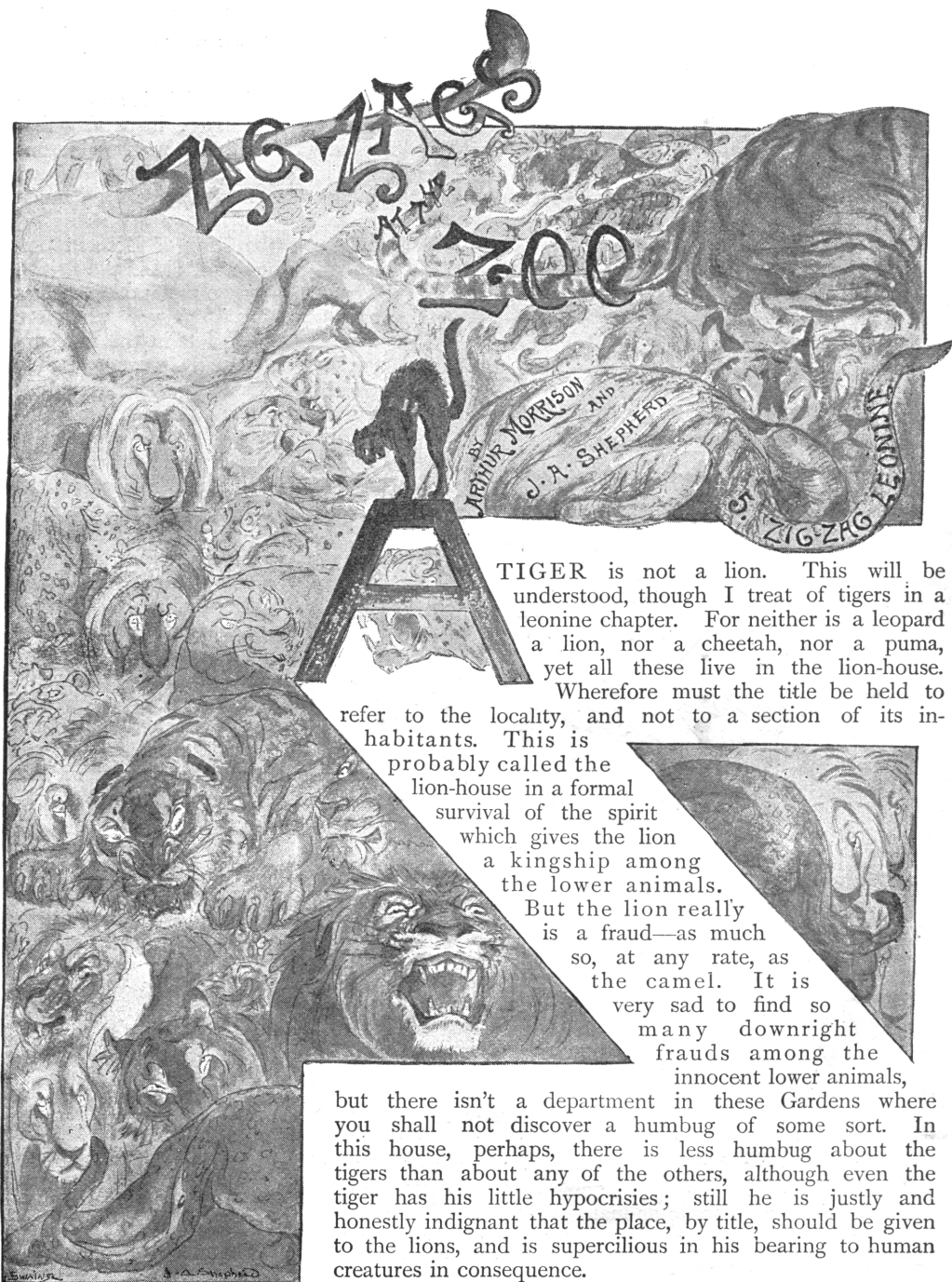


"STELLING INTRODUCED US."

a crimson flush spread itself slowly over her face. She bowed and smiled, of course, but I noticed that she studiously avoided meeting my eye, and, pitying her embarrassment, I deliberately turned my back upon her, though I could not refrain from studying her, for the

all her life, and I tell you, sir, there was a look on her face when you entered the room that I have never seen there before."

Stelling is an observant, clever fellow, and I have no doubt whatever he is perfectly right.



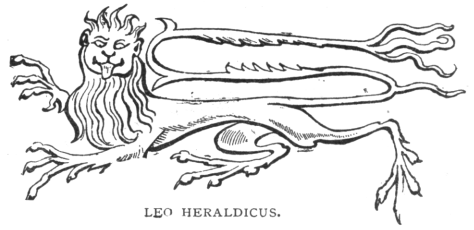
TIGER is not a lion. This will be understood, though I treat of tigers in a leonine chapter. For neither is a leopard a lion, nor a cheetah, nor a puma, yet all these live in the lion-house.

Wherefore must the title be held to refer to the locality, and not to a section of its inhabitants. This is probably called the lion-house in a formal survival of the spirit which gives the lion a kingship among the lower animals.

But the lion really is a fraud—as much so, at any rate, as the camel. It is very sad to find so many downright frauds among the innocent lower animals,

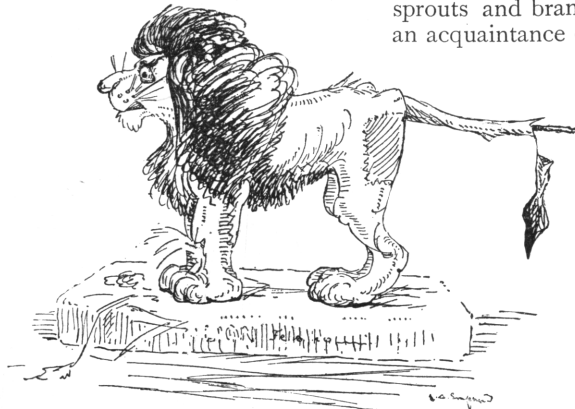
but there isn't a department in these Gardens where you shall not discover a humbug of some sort. In this house, perhaps, there is less humbug about the tigers than about any of the others, although even the tiger has his little hypocrisies; still he is justly and honestly indignant that the place, by title, should be given to the lions, and is supercilious in his bearing to human creatures in consequence.

It must be noted that the show of lions here to be seen, large as it is, is by no means fully representative of the various species. There are none of the more familiar of our English lions; the Red Lion, the White Lion, the Blue Lion—to say nothing of the accompanying stomach-warmer—familiar as they are in our town streets, are not to be found here; nor is that noble creature, the lion of heraldry. This is a pity; because here he would be fed, and would get rid of that painfully greyhound-like waist which is among the more noticeable of his characteristics; and I should have an opportunity of inspecting that



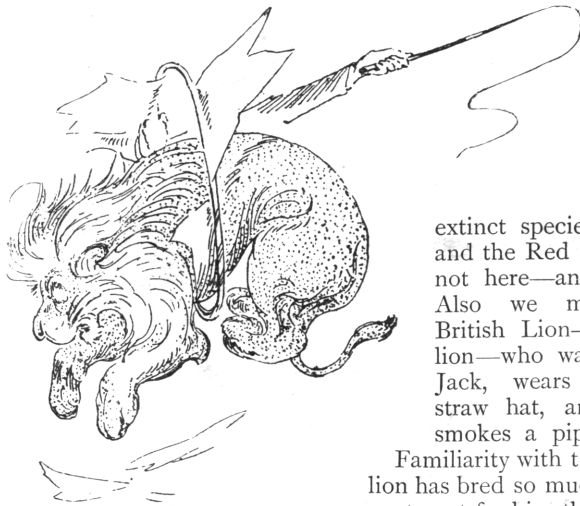
LEO HERALDICUS.

extraordinary growth, his tail, with its many vigorous sprouts and branches; and many other of his members, an acquaintance of which in the flesh I have long much desired.



LEO SHAGBAGGA STUFFICUS.

It was never very good upholstery, being chiefly flue and dusty straw, but it was quite equal to imparting a distinctive want of shape which at once stamped *Leo shagbagga* an unique species. The tail, also, has been known to yield walking sticks. External patches of differing tints, attached by large stitches of pack-thread, did not indicate a separate variety of this species, being peculiar to individuals only.



LEO IGNOMINIOSUS.

I fear *Leo shagbagga* is now an extinct species, but the Blue Lion, the White Lion, and the Red Lion we may see every day—although not here—and become intimately acquainted with. Also we may see the British Lion—the cartoon lion—who waves a Union Jack, wears a straw hat, and smokes a pipe.

Familiarity with the lion has bred so much contempt for him that really we shall be going very little further

in classing him a domestic animal. They keep him in a shed, whack him with a stick, and make him jump through a hoop—and a poor old sheep he seems, he



LEO BRITANNICUS.



A SUPERIOR PERSON.

a mere beer-drinking vulgarian and a smoker of pipes. So always with the lion; he will pose fine and large if he meet you out for a walk in a jungle, and do his utmost to terrify you; if driven to it he may take the liberty of helping himself to a mouthful of you. But all this is only if he has first failed to sneak away unobserved. In South Africa a team-driver, finding a family of lions in his path, will calmly take his long stock-whip and whip them away; and they go meekly, glad to escape the lash. When no stock-whip is handy, a traveller from England is used—preferably with a title.

Here in one respect only are the lions treated with absolute cruelty, but in that respect the cruelty is of an aggravated sort. Come into the lion-house at what time, on what day (except Saturday and Sunday) you please, and you shall find various artists, and more various people who are not, nor ever will be artists, sketching and daubing and outraging the features and the feelings of lions and tigers. Perhaps, however, it is a moral dispensation, teaching the animals to look forward to Sunday with longing, as a day of blessed relief and rest; guarding their conduct in the matter of Sunday observance, while the bars and the keeper take care of it in other matters.

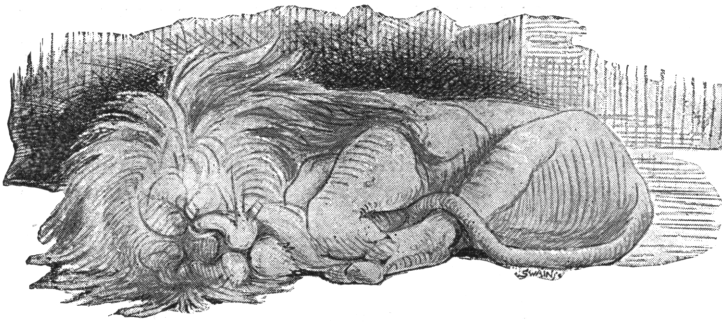
Little defence is available against all these daubers; but it is possible for a lion or a tiger to lie lifelessly and flat upon its side, offering only the uninspiring outline of a



A BEER-DRINKING VULGARIAN.



FOR CARTAGE.



DUKE.

the artists—of the pinchings of tails left near bars, of the twitchings of protrusive whiskers, and the pea-shootings in the countenance—let there be silence, lest others be tempted to imitate and fall victims to the casual paw, or to the little less deadly detection of Sutton, the keeper.



THE GENTLEMAN NEXT DOOR.

his own selection. When they are chosen by the keepers he chews them himself. He once gave a lioness a fatal bite, but that is his only claim to the designation of a lady-killer. And so he lies curled up alone, hugging himself with reciprocal affection. I remember a keeper once making a long and elaborate joke about this lion putting up his dukes and putting down the Duchesses, but have forgotten its exact terms.

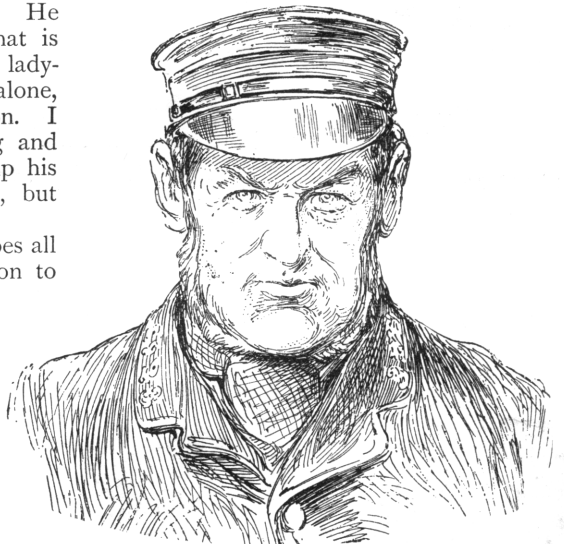
Another lion, a little further along, does all Duke's share of love-making, in addition to more than his own. The keepers have their own name for this lion, but I prefer to call him The Gentleman Next Door, any lioness who happens to be in the adjoining cage being Mrs. Nickleby. He does not throw her cucumbers and vegetable marrows, for several obvious reasons; but he roars and scratches at the iron partition door with a vigour proper to the part, while Mrs. Nickleby lolls indifferently

rug or an empty sack, as though the pelt had been cast, and the animal were somewhere else. This expedient is largely practised, until it would seem the most natural thing in the world for a keeper to enter with a pitchfork and toss all those empty skins into one heap, to be carried away on wheelbarrows. Of the counter-expedients of

Even a humbug may be a handsome humbug. Look at Duke, the wicked old Nubian in the end cage, as he sits serenely and loftily looking over your head. He knows better than you do that you admire his fine, up-lifted head and his great tawny and black mane. Duke is a great character in his way. Handsome old chap as he is, and proud of it, Duke never was a gallant—never a lioness's lion. All sorts of attempts have been made during his long residence here to mate him, but Duke draws the line at Duchesses. Perhaps he would treat the ladies better if he were allowed to make



MRS. NICKLEBY.



THE LION-KEEPER.

in her own place. Prince and Nancy are a fine old couple of lions—married fifteen years, and a peaceable, comfortable old pair still. Ask Sutton, the head lion-keeper, about Prince and Nancy. Sutton, by-the-by, will soon have been employed in these gardens for forty years. If I were a statistician I probably could prove, by rule of arithmetic, that Sutton has been killed many times over, in the course of so many years among lions and tigers. Not being a statistician, I am compelled to admit that he hasn't. Sutton enjoys the distinction of being the only thing in the lion-house never sketched by the artists and the sketchers who are not artists.

It is noticeable that a lion—any lion, every lion—likes to take his ease with his nose stuffed out between the bars—by way, probably, of sniffing the air of freedom, and feeling as much at liberty as possible in the circumstances, regardless of contact with the iron of the cage. I am not sure that this muzzle-exposure is always good for *Felis Leo*; I have

a suspicion that it may be responsible for some of the toothaches wherewith he now and again is afflicted, and ascribes, probably, to Sutton's partiality for open windows. A lion with a toothache is a pitiable thing; still, a thing to which I should prefer to administer comfort from the opposite side of the bars; and one the extraction of whose tooth I could leave, without envy, in other hands. Any person of ordinary humanity would prefer losing a tooth of his own to inflicting the pain of extraction upon—say Duke here—with his own hand. There is more tenderness for the feelings of dumb animals than one might imagine in the world, in such circumstances as these. Although why Duke should be called a dumb animal is not easy to explain after hearing his shocking language if dinner arrives a little later than suits him.

Notwithstanding all his grandeur and all his posing, the lion doesn't sufficiently wash his face; nor, indeed, any other part of himself. A tiger's ablutionary lickings are disproportionately few and small

in area compared with those of the humble tom-cat of our native tiles. But compared with those of the lion they are profuse, excessive, superfluous. The lion has not yet learned the lesson of personal cleanliness. Some day, if I think of it when I see him, I shall suggest to Sutton the expedient of turning the garden hose on these lions. I don't believe they would enjoy it at first, but their education must begin somewhere. And Sutton might find this process more convenient than an actual bodily assault with soap and towels, although, considered as a spectacle, this plan would have its merits; and



THE AIR OF FREEDOM.



TOOTHACHE.



YOU DIRTY LION.

might command its price as an advertisement for the soap. There are other respects in which the lion compares unfavourably with the tiger. Watch them yawning. Yawning, by-the-bye, is the only really fashionable amusement here in the lion-house—after eating. One of the cheetahs has a wooden ball to play with, but a cheetah is naturally low in his tastes, and even he is ashamed of the amusement, pursuing it by stealth,

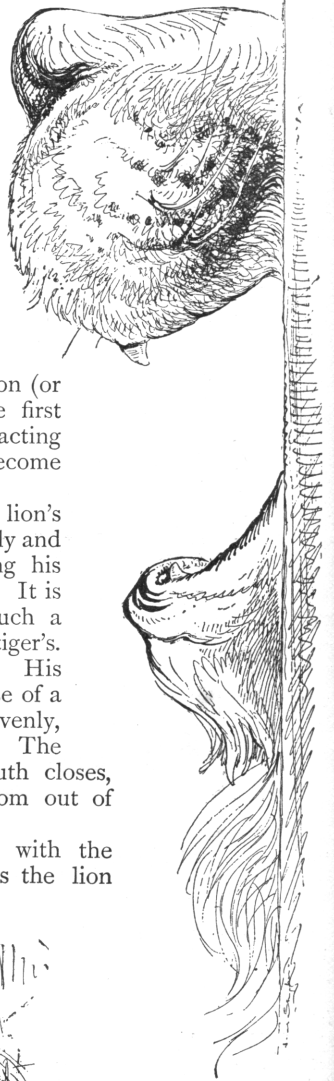
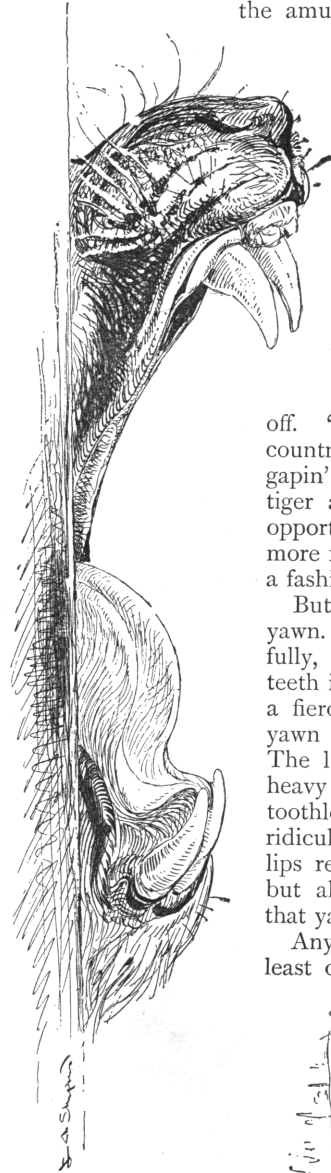
when unobserved, and concealing the ball by lying before it when visitors arrive; and in his inner heart I feel sure he prefers eating—if not yawning.

I have before now felt suspicious of the genuine character of some of the yawns here to be inspected. There are really too many of them. It is largely a mere posing and show-

off. "Law, Maria," says the country cousin, "look at him a-gapin'; what awful teeth!" and the lion (or tiger as may be) likes it, seizing the first opportunity of gaping again, and extracting more flattery. So that yawning has become a fashionable pursuit.

But there is an inferiority in the lion's yawn. The tiger opens his head frankly and fully, baring his gums and exposing his teeth in all their vicious pointedness. It is a fierce yawn, a downright yawn, such a yawn as could be no yawn but a tiger's. The lion's might almost be a sheep's. His heavy lips overhang his gums like those of a toothless old woman. It is a mere slovenly, ridiculous yawn, with no terror in it. The lips retract a little perhaps as the mouth closes, but all the lustre is already gone from out of that yawn.

Anybody who looks at the matter with the least care may see that in all things the lion

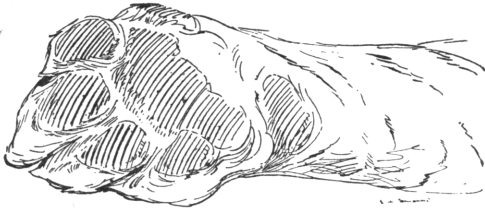


has been accorded an elevation which is not his right. The superstition is long a-dying, even among the lower animals themselves. The puma here, for instance, puffed up



DRESSING THE PART.

with a ridiculous vanity born of having been called the American lion by some naturalist who should have known better, rolls among his bed-straw until enough hangs



ILLUSTRATIONS OF PALMISTRY—I.

about his ears to represent a mane, and then stalks forth to be admired. He is encouraged by ignorant visitors who, from his size and colour, assume him to be a young lion, and call him one. I have even heard these sages disputing about his age, and walking off saturated with the animosity born of contentious ignorance, without once looking at the label which published the creature's pumaship to all the world. This sort of thing turns the puma's head, and makes a fool of him.

The tiger's superiority to the lion consists chiefly in his candour. He is a wicked, vicious rascal, a thief and a

murderer, and he owns it. He doesn't pose. He would always rather run away than be bothered with fighting, unless he happen to be hungry, and so would the lion. But the lion will attitudinize if he thinks you have observed him, and try to make his running away look like magnanimity. The tiger simply bundles off, without any false pride. These particulars I give on hearsay evidence. They did not seem sufficiently important to warrant the expense of a personal test. Anybody anxious to know more of the lion or tiger has open to him several means of acquiring information at first hand—among others, palmistry. Both the lion and the tiger have paws of great



THE TIGER IS AMUSED.

mobility of expression. I have no doubt that if a skilful chiromancist were carefully and painstakingly to examine the paws of either Duke the lion or Tommy the big tiger here, he would before very long be greatly struck by them. Indeed, persons with very little practical knowledge of palmistry have been known, after a very short acquaintance with a tiger's paw, to carry away an extremely vivid impression thereof.

It should be more generally understood that a tiger does not eat buns. There is a popular superstition that he does—a superstition extending also to lunch 'biscuits, bull's-eyes, and acidulated drops. Worthy old ladies are the chief votaries of the bun superstition, little boys and girls attending school treats taking the bull's-eye and acidulated drop branch. A tiger doesn't resent the offer of a bun as an insult—he is merely amused. Offer a bun to Duke, and he will express a desire to bite off half of you at once.

Tommy and Minnie are a long-wedded tiger couple—at the opposite end to Duke. And in their cage, if feeding-time be near, you shall see a quaint thing. Every animal in this place carries an internal clock of extreme accuracy, which sets him roaring furiously a little before four o'clock—every one but Tommy. Tommy makes a clock of himself



II.

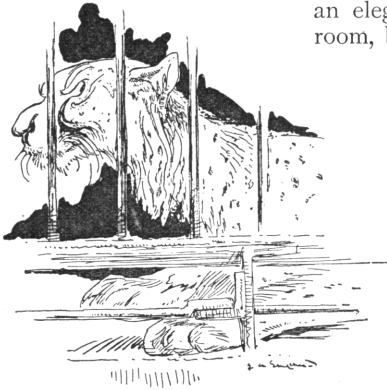


TOMMY.

entirely, to measure up the tedious minutes. He makes no sound, but walks, persistently following his tail, in a circle. As the minutes pass the circle narrows and the pace quickens, until, as the dinner-waggon rolls in its appointed grooves, he turns completely on an axis, his head making to the left, his tail to the right. And so until his dinner is actually within the bars, when he picks it up in his stride and retreats with it to a corner.



THE DODGER.



THE CHEETAH.

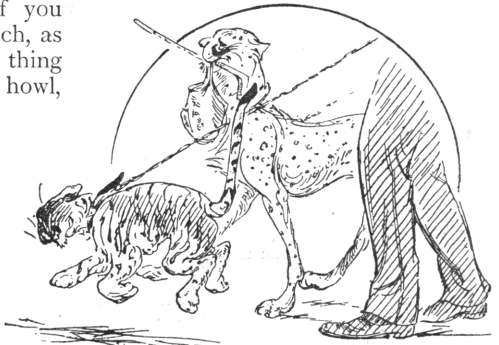
The smallest cat here is not on show. This is Dodger, the baby tiger. He lives in an elegant private bed-sitting-room, built of strong planks, at the back of the house, by the door of Sutton's quarters, and in full view of the iron bathing-machine arrangement whereby the lions and tigers pass out to their back playgrounds in fine weather. The Dodger is not, perhaps, altogether beautiful—in a physical sense. He runs largely to ears and feet, and has the general appearance of having been put together hurriedly, with the wrong neck. But Dodger

means well, and will play with your hands as long as you please to risk a nip of the teeth. If you are a stranger he will mew at you at first, which, as his voice is just breaking, is an exhilarating thing to hear, being a varying compound of roar, howl, mew, and whimper, grateful to the tympanum. But he soon grows friendly, especially if you place your hand casually on the dinner-waggon standing near his quarters.

Another affable creature is the cheetah. With his lithe limbs, strong neck, and small bullet head, he has a certain prize-fighting appearance, but, like the Game Chicken, is quite affable. The cheetahs here are subjected to a certain ignominy which I trust and believe the Society is not intentionally responsible for. A board

inscribed "Beware of Pickpockets" is hung conspicuously over their heads. It is scarcely credible that the proximity is intended as suggesting a horrible pun upon the name of the poor animals, but it arouses suspicions in the minds of some people, and is apt to place the unfortunate cheetahs in the abject position of accomplices in the outrage. And when the Dodger is promoted to one of these large cages, the suspicion in his case may even be greater, and naturally; with the possibly redeeming feature that only a lame joke, and not an inhuman pun, will be suspected. Before then, however, the reproach may be removed.

In the early morning, before the gardens are opened, Sutton, Dodger, and the cheetah go out for a walk about the grounds, amid a shower of envy. Michael, the big bear, in particular, looks from behind his window blinds in much displeasure. I should like to take Michael out for a stroll—say along the Strand; there would be a deal to amuse him.



A WALK.



A FAMILY JAR.

It is a pity that some of the leopards are not as good-humoured as Dodger and the cheetahs. One particular pair live in a perpetual mutual threat to bite off each other's heads. Anything is a sufficient provocation. Whatever the one is doing arouses the jealousy of the other—and there you are !

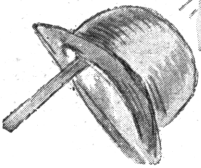
We human animals have long held a conceited belief that other creatures shrink and cower under the gaze of our eyes ; and as example we point to the big cats. A tiger, we say, will not look a man in the face. He won't, but fear is not his motive. It is superciliousness—a lofty affectation of indifference, and nothing else. Every cat is the same in this respect—lion, tiger, leopard, panther, Tom or tabby. It is only another expression of the cat's native vanity. Loving



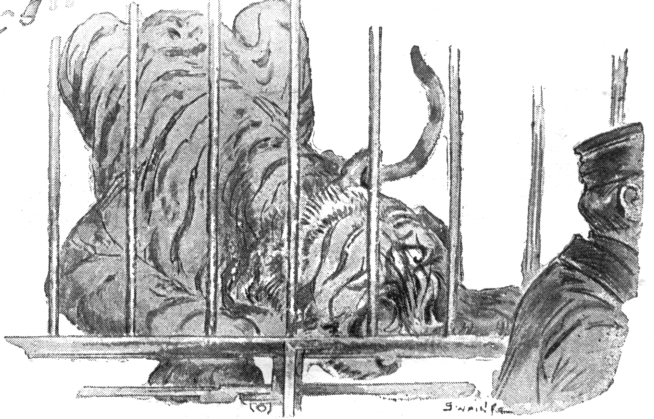
to be stared at and admired, he makes a great show of the most contemptuous indifference to everybody. Before you reach the cage you may now and again detect, from the corner of your eye, the cat observing you with



some interest ; after you have passed you may see the same thing—if you are very sly. But while you are before him, and looking at him, the tiger cuts you dead. You don't exist—you are mere impalpable space. Some people don't like this treatment and wave



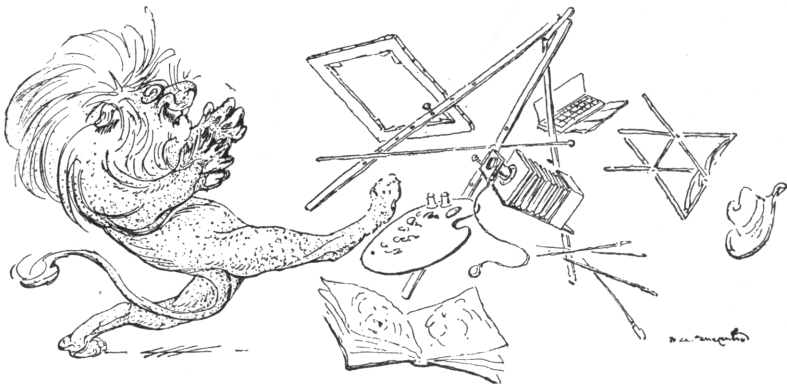
J. A. Simpson





CONNECTED WITH ROYALTY.

of the keeper. Wherefore the keeper is a *bête-noir*, a constant reminder of a good meal put under his nose and taken away again. Perhaps it may be hinted to those nobly ambitious of attracting the notice of a lion or tiger, that the hat-trick may be expensive if tried upon a young and frolicsome animal. A sudden temptation, such as the offer of a new hat, may cause a young lion or tiger to forget his dignity for some little time—as long as the hat lasts. It was a very few Sundays ago that Victoria—the young lioness here belonging to the Queen—secured a very decent bowler, which had been extended with a view of reaching something from the ledge before the cage. Victor, her mate, although, of course, connected with Royalty by marriage, so far unbent as to participate in that hat, which provided a pleasant twenty minutes' entertainment; at the close of which the late owner borrowed a peaked cap from the keeper, and went home. But Victor does not unbend as a rule. He is an affable lion, however, perfectly friendly with those he knows. He might almost be allowed out, were it not that the artists and the photographers, and the daubers and sketchers who are neither, would probably suffer from his natural indignation. So he sits behind the bars and dreams of the golden time when all things shall be free and equal, and he shall kick those people and all their works into the outer darkness.





THE LITTLE GREY MAN

A
STORY
FOR
CHILDREN

FROM THE FRENCH OF E. LABOULAYE.



THREE or four hundred years ago there lived at Skalholt, in Iceland, an old peasant, who was no more rich in wisdom than in fortune. Whilst at church one day the good man heard a fine sermon on charity. "Give to him that asketh thee," said the preacher, "and it shall be returned unto thee a hundred-fold." The peasant's attention was taken by these constantly-repeated words, which confused still more his already clouded faculties. Hardly had he returned home than he began to cut down the trees of his garden, to dig up the soil, and to pile up stones and wood as though he were about to build a palace.

"What are you doing there, my poor man?" asked his wife.

"Call me no longer 'my poor man,'" said the peasant, in a solemn voice; "we are rich, my dear wife, or at least we are going to be. In a fortnight's time I am going to give away my cow and —"

"Our cow! our only resource!" cried the wife, "we shall die of hunger."

"Hold your tongue, you silly woman," replied the peasant; "it is easy to see you understand nothing of our pastor's Latin. In giving away our cow, we shall receive a hundred back as a reward. The pastor said so. I shall shelter fifty beasts in the stable I am building, and with the value of fifty others

I shall buy pasture enough to feed our herd in summer as in winter. We shall be richer than the King."

And without heeding either the prayers or reproaches of his wife, our simpleton began to build his stable, to the great astonishment of his neighbours.

This work finished, the good man slipped a cord round the neck of his cow and led it direct to the pastor's house. He found him talking to two strangers, whom he hardly glanced at, so eager was he to make his present and to receive his reward.

The pastor was amazed at such a new species of charity. He gave a lengthy explanation to the foolish fellow to show him that the Bible only spoke of spiritual rewards. It was of no use; the peasant only repeated, "You said so, sir, you said so." Wearied at last of reasoning with such a blockhead, the pastor broke forth in holy wrath, and slammed his door in the face of the peasant, who, perfectly astounded, stood rooted to the spot, repeating incessantly, "You said so, you said so." However, he had to return home; no easy matter. It was in spring; the ice was melting, and the wind swept the snow in great drifts. At every step the man slipped, the cow bellowed, and refused to advance. In an hour's time the peasant had missed the path, and was in fear of losing his life. He stopped in perplexity, knowing no more what to do than the animal which he led. Whilst he stood in doubt, a man, laden with a great sack, came up to him and asked him what he was doing in such bad weather with his cow.

When the peasant had told him his grievance, the stranger replied, "My good man,

take my advice, and make an exchange with me. I live near here; let me have your cow, which you will never succeed in leading back to your house, and take this sack; it is not very heavy, and everything it contains is worth having."

The bargain concluded, the stranger led away the cow. The peasant, hoisting the sack, which he found terribly heavy, on his back, set off on his way home.

In great trepidation at the reproaches and jeers of his wife, he entered the cottage and burst into a long description of the dangers he had incurred, and how, like the clever man he was, he had exchanged a dying cow for a sack full of treasures. On hearing this fine story, the woman began to show her displeasure; whereupon her husband implored her to restrain her bad temper, and make no delay in putting her largest saucepan on the fire. "You will thank me," he said, "when you see what I have brought you."

Upon which he opened the sack, and behold, out of its depths came a little man all clothed in grey, like a mouse!

"Good-day, good people," he said with all the dignity of a prince. "I hope that, instead of boiling me, you will supply me with something to eat. This little expedition has given me a good appetite."

The peasant fell upon his stool as though he had been thunder-struck.

"There," said his wife, "I was sure of it. Here is a new folly. But what can you expect from a husband? He is certain to do something idiotic! We have lost the cow by which we lived, and now that we have nothing left, you bring us another mouth to feed! I wish you had remained under the snow, sir, you, and your sack, and your treasure!"

The good lady would have gone on talking if the little grey man had not pointed out to her that big words do not fill the pot, and that the wisest thing to do was to sally forth in search of game.

Saying this, he went out in spite of the wind and the snow, and after some time returned with a great sheep.

"There," he said, "kill this

animal for me, and do not let us die of hunger."

The old man and his wife glanced at each other across the little man and his prey. This windfall looked remarkably like a theft. But hunger silences all qualms of conscience. Lawful or not, the sheep was devoured with the greatest relish. From that day plenty reigned in the home of the peasant. Sheep succeeded sheep, and the good man, more credulous than ever, began to think that, after all, he had gained by his bargain, since instead of the hundred cows he expected, Heaven had sent him such an expert purveyor as the little grey man.

One story is good till another is heard. Though the sheep multiplied in the old man's cottage, they diminished visibly in the Royal flock, which grazed in the vicinity. The chief shepherd, becoming uneasy, informed the King that, for some time, in spite of the increasing vigilance of the watch, the finest animals of the flock disappeared one after the other. Without doubt, some clever thief must have taken up his abode in the neighbourhood. Before long it became known



"THE SHEEP DIMINISHED VISIBLY IN THE ROYAL FLOCK."

that there was a stranger from no one knew where, and whom nobody knew, staying in the peasant's cottage. The King ordered that he should be brought before him. The little grey man set out boldly; but the peasant and his wife began to feel conscience-stricken as they thought of the thieves and their accomplices who were hung on the same gibbet.

When the little grey man appeared at Court, the King asked him if, by chance, he had heard that five fine sheep had been stolen from the Royal flock.

"Yes, your Majesty," answered the little man; "I took them myself."

"By what right?" said the King.

"Your Majesty," replied the little man, "I took them for an old man and his wife, who were dying of hunger, whilst you had plenty and to spare. You cannot even spend the tenth part of your revenue, and I thought it only right that these good people should live on what you had no need of, rather than die of starvation."

The King was thunderstruck at such audacity; he eyed the little man with a look that boded nothing good. "It is evident," he said, "that your greatest talent is stealing."

The little man bowed with an air of self-conscious modesty.

"Well, you deserve to be hanged," said the King, "but I pardon you on condition that to-morrow at this time you shall have taken from my herdsmen my black bull, which is guarded with the greatest care."

"Your Majesty," answered the little grey man, "your condition is impossible. How do you think I can elude such vigilance?"

"Unless you do it," replied the King, "you shall be hanged."

And with a wave of his hand he dismissed our thief, who heard, as he passed out, derisive whispers of: "You will be hanged! You will be hanged!"

The little grey man returned to the cottage of the peasant, where he was warmly welcomed by the old man and his wife.

But he said nothing to them, except that he was in need of a rope, and that he was going away the next morning at daybreak. They gave him the old halter of the cow, and then he went to bed and slept peacefully.

At dawn, with the earliest beams of the rising sun, the little grey man went out, taking his cord with him. He strode into the forest, by the path usually used by the King's herdsmen, and selecting a big oak in full view, he hung himself by the neck to the largest branch. But he was very careful not to make a slip-knot.

Very soon afterwards two herdsmen passed by, leading the black bull.



"Halloa!" said one of them, "here is our rascal, who has got what he deserved. Good-bye, old chap; you won't steal the King's bull now."

As soon as the herdsmen were out of sight, the little grey man came down from the tree, and taking a short cut hung himself once more to a great oak close by the road. Imagine the surprise of the herdsmen, when

they caught sight of him again!

"Who is that?" said one. "Are my eyes deceiving me? Here is the little man we saw hanging over yonder!"



"GOOD-BYE, OLD CHAP."

"How stupid you are!" said the other. "How can a man be hanged in two places at the same time? It is another thief, that is all."

"I tell you it is the same," replied the first shepherd; "I recognise his coat and his grin."

"I bet you," answered the second, who was of an independent turn of mind, "that it is a different man."

The wager was accepted. The two men fastened the King's bull to a tree, and ran back to the first oak. But while they were running the little grey man jumped down from his gibbet, and quietly led the bull to the peasant's house. There was great rejoicing, and the animal was put into the stable until it should be sold.

When the two herdsmen returned to the palace in the evening, they hung their heads and looked so dejected that the King saw at once he had been duped. He sent for the little grey man, who appeared with all the serenity of a great mind.

"You have stolen my bull!" said the King.

"Your Majesty," replied the little man, "I have only obeyed your orders."

"Very well," said the King; "here are ten gold crowns to pay for my bull; but if within two days you do not manage to steal the sheets off my bed while I am in it, you shall be hanged."

"Your Majesty," said the little man, "pray

do not ask me to do any such thing. You are so well guarded that a poor man like me could never even approach the palace."

"Unless you do it," answered the King, "I shall have the pleasure of seeing you hanged."

That night the little grey man, who had returned to the cottage, provided himself with a long rope and a basket. In this basket, lined with moss, he placed a cat and her kittens, and then he went out. Gliding noiselessly through the darkness he reached the palace, and climbed upon the roof without being perceived by anyone. To enter a garret, where with the help of a saw he quickly made a neat opening in the floor, was for our clever little fellow the work of a few moments.

On reaching the King's bedroom, he proceeded to carefully uncover the Royal bed, and after placing the cat and her kittens in the centre, he arranged it neatly again, and then, by the aid of his rope, climbed upon the canopy, where he sat down to await the result.

The palace clock struck eleven as the King and Queen entered their chamber. The light having been extinguished, the Queen was about to step into bed, when she uttered

a shrill scream and ran to the further end of the room.

"What is the matter? Are you mad?" said the King. "You will rouse the whole palace."

"Do not get into bed," answered the Queen; "my foot touched something warm and soft."

"Why not say at once that there is a hob-



"HE PROCEEDED TO UNCOVER
THE ROYAL BED."

goblin in the bed?" replied the King, laughing contemptuously. "All women are as timid as hares, and as senseless."

Upon which, like a true hero, he bravely entered the bed, but as quickly jumped out again, howling frantically and dragging with him the cat, whose claws were firmly embedded in the calf of his leg.

At the cries of the King, the sentinel hastened to the door, and knocking three times with his halberd, inquired if assistance was needed.

"Silence!" shouted the King, ashamed of his weakness, and not wishing to make an exhibition of himself.

He struck the tinder-box, re-lit the lamp, and on going towards the bed, discovered in the middle the cat, who had returned to her place and was quietly licking her kittens.

"This is too bad!" he exclaimed; "the impudent animal has no regard for our crown, and has chosen our Royal bed as a snug corner for her kittens. Wait a moment, little wretch; I will soon give you your reward!"

"She will bite you," cried the Queen; "she may be mad."

"There is nothing to be alarmed at, my dear," said the good King. He then took the sheets by the four corners, and, tying them together with cat and kittens inside, he rolled all together in the blanket and counterpane, and threw the enormous bundle out of the window.

"Now we will go into the next room," he said to the Queen, "and since we have had our revenge, we may hope to sleep in peace."

The King slept, and we may imagine pleasant dreams refreshed his slumbers; but while he slept a little man climbed upon the roof, and, with the aid of a rope, slipped quickly down into the courtyard. He began to search for some invisible object, which, having found, he hoisted on his back, and was soon after hastening along the snow-covered road. The sentinels thought they had seen some phantom, and wondered what those cries they had heard, like those of a new-born infant, could mean.

When the King awoke the next morning he began to think over the events of the previous night. A dim suspicion dawned upon his mind that he had been the victim of some practical joke, and that its author was probably the little grey man. He sent for him immediately. The little man arrived, carrying on his shoulders the sheets neatly folded, and falling with bended knees before the Queen, he said humbly:—

"Your Majesty is aware that I have only carried out the King's orders; I hope your Majesty will be gracious enough to pardon me."

"I pardon you," replied the Queen, "on condition that we see you no more, or else I shall die of fright with your tricks."

"But *I* do not pardon you," said the King, very much annoyed that the Queen should have taken upon herself to act without consulting her lord and master. "Look here, you rogue, you shall be hanged to-morrow night, unless you have managed before then to steal the Queen herself!"

"Your Majesty," cried the little man, "let me be hanged at once, for you would spare me twenty-four hours of anxiety. How could I attempt such a thing? It would be easier to steal the moon."

"That is your business, not mine," replied the King. "In the meantime, the gallows shall be prepared."

The little man left the Court in despair, burying his head in his hands, and sobbing pitifully; the King laughed joyfully.

In the dusk of evening a holy monk, carrying a rosary in his hand and a bag under his arm, came to the palace to beg as usual for his convent. When the Queen had



"A HOLY MONK."

given him her contribution, "Madam," said the monk, "Heaven will reward so much charity. I bring with me even now its recompense. To-morrow, as you are aware, a poor fellow, whose guilt is undoubtedly great, is to be hanged within the palace."

"Alas!" answered the Queen, "I pardon him willingly. I would gladly have saved his life."

"That cannot be," said the monk; "but this man, who is half a wizard, can make you a valuable present before he dies. I know that he possesses three wonderful secrets, of which one alone is worth a kingdom. He can bequeath one of these secrets to any woman who has had compassion on him."

"What are these secrets?" inquired the Queen

"With the knowledge of the first, a wife is able to make her husband do everything she wishes," replied the monk.

"Oh!" said the Queen, with a pout, "there is nothing very wonderful in that. Ever since the time of Eve that mystery has been known from generation to generation. What is the second secret?"

"The second imparts wisdom and goodness."

"Well," said the Queen, yawning, "and what is the third?"

"The third," said the monk, "endows the woman who possesses it with matchless beauty, and with the gift of everlasting youth."

"Reverend father," cried the Queen, eagerly, "I should dearly like to know *that* secret."

"Nothing is easier," said the monk. "The only thing you have to do is to allow the sorcerer before he dies, and while he is still at liberty, to hold both your hands in his and to breathe upon your hair three times."

"Let him come," said the Queen; "fetch him at once, reverend father."

"That is impossible," replied the monk. "The King has given strict orders that this man shall not be allowed to enter the palace. It would mean instant death to him to step within these walls. Do not begrudge him the few hours that still remain."

"Unfortunately, reverend father, the King has forbidden me to go out until to-morrow night."

"That is a pity," said the monk. "I see you must give up this wonderful gift. Nevertheless, it would be delightful to remain young, beautiful, and especially to be loved for ever."

"Alas, my father, you are right; the King's

order is extremely unjust. But if I attempted to go out, the sentinels would stop me. You look astonished; that is the way the King treats me occasionally. I am a most miserable wife."

"My heart aches for you, poor woman," said the monk. "What tyranny! But Madam, you should not yield to such unreasonable demands; your duty is to do as you please."

"But how?" asked the Queen.

"There is a way, if you are willing. Get into this sack. I will undertake to carry you out of the palace, even at the risk of my life. And fifty years hence, when you are still as beautiful and as youthful-looking as to-day, you will rejoice that you defied your tyrant."

"I agree," said the Queen; "but are you quite sure that this is no hoax?"

"Madam," said the holy man, raising his arms and beating his breast, "as surely as I am a monk, you have nothing to fear on that score. Besides, I shall remain with you during your interview with this fellow."

"And you will bring me back to the palace?"

"I give you my word of honour I will."

"Knowing the secret?" added the Queen.

"Yes, knowing the secret. But since your Majesty hesitates, we will drop the question; the secret may die with him who discovered it, unless he prefers to tell it to some woman who has more confidence in him."

The only response the Queen made to this was to jump bravely into the bag; the monk drew the cord, lifted the burden on his shoulders, and crossed the courtyard with measured steps. On his way he met the King, who was making his round of inspection.

"You have made a good collection, I see," said the King.

"Sire," replied the monk, "your charity is inexhaustible; I fear I have imposed upon it. Perhaps I should do well to leave this sack and its contents here."

"No, no," said the King. "Take it all, reverend father; it is a good riddance. I do not suppose what you have in it is worth much. Your feast will not be a sumptuous one."

"May your Majesty sup with as good an appetite," replied the monk in a fatherly tone, as he disappeared, muttering something inaudibly. It was probably a Latin prayer.

The supper-bell rang; the King entered the room rubbing his hands. He felt pleased with himself, and the prospect of having his revenge gave him a good appetite.



TAKE IT ALL, REVEREND FATHER."

"Is the Queen not down yet?" he asked, impatiently. "It does not surprise me, though; women are never punctual."

He was about to take his seat, when three soldiers threw open the door, and pushed into the room the little grey man.

"Sire," said one of the guards, "this rascal has had the audacity to enter the palace yard, in spite of the Royal order. We should have hanged him at once rather than disturb your Majesty at supper, but he pretends that he has a message from the Queen, and that he is the bearer of a State secret."

"From the Queen!" exclaimed the King, aghast. "Where is she? Wretch! what have you done with her?"

"I have stolen her!" quietly replied the little man.

"How did you do that?" said the King.

"Sire, who was the monk with a large sack on his back, to whom your Majesty conde-

scended to say, 'Take it all, and a good riddance?'"

"It was you," cried the King; "consequently even I am no longer in safety. One of these days you will steal *me*, and my kingdom into the bargain."

"Sire, I have come to ask you one thing more."

"I am afraid of you," said the King. "Who are you? A sorcerer, or the devil himself?"

"Neither, Sire. I am simply Prince Holar. I was on my way to ask you for the hand of your daughter, when I was overtaken by the storm and obliged to take refuge with my equerry in the house of the pastor of Skalholt. But chance threw in my way a foolish peasant, who has been the cause of my acting in this manner. However, I have only obeyed your Majesty's orders in all this."

"Well, well," said the King, "I see—or rather I do not see; it matters little. Prince Holar, I would rather have you as a son-in-law than as a

neighbour. As soon as the Queen comes back——"

"She is here, Sire; my equerry has conducted her back to the palace."

The Queen soon reappeared, rather ashamed of having been so easily duped, but readily comforted at the prospect of having such a clever man for her son-in-law.

"You must tell me the wonderful secret," she whispered to Prince Holar. "I wish to know it."

"The secret of being beautiful for ever is to be loved," said the Prince.

"How can one be always loved?" asked the Queen.

"By being good, and simple, and by pleasing one's husband."

"Is that all? And you pretend to be a sorcerer!" exclaimed the indignant Queen, throwing up her arms.

"Enough of all this mystery," said the King in alarm. "Prince Holar, you will

have plenty of time to chat with your mother-in-law when you become our son. Come, supper is getting cold. Let us have the whole evening to enjoy ourselves; make the best of your time, my boy, to-morrow you will be married."

Having made this remark, which he thought rather witty, the King glanced at the Queen,

Happy days have no history. We only know that he succeeded his father-in-law and became a powerful ruler. Being something of a liar as well as a thief, bold yet artful, he had all the qualities needful for a conqueror. He took more than a thousand acres of land, which he lost and re-conquered three times, in doing which he



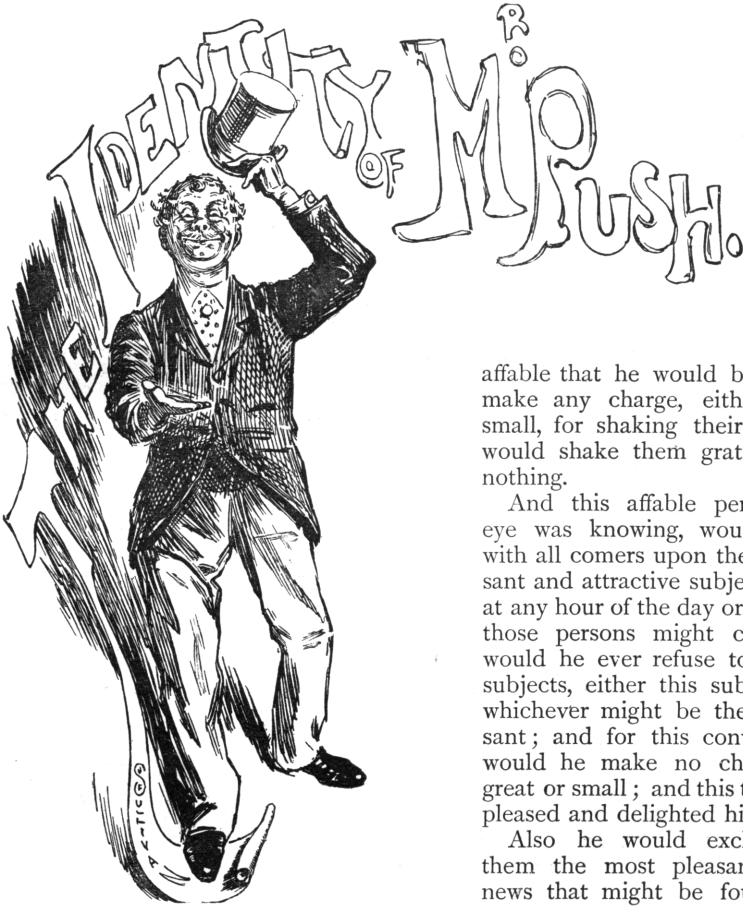
"THE KING STROKED HIS CHIN."

but he received such a look in return that he immediately stroked his chin and contemplated the flies on the ceiling.

Here end the adventures of Prince Holar.

sacrificed six armies. In the celebrated annals of Skalholt and Holar his name figures gloriously. We refer our readers to these famous and most interesting records.

The Queer Side of Things.



THE incidents of the following story occurred at a very remote age, anterior to the European glacial epoch, and, therefore, bear no sort of analogy to anything which could possibly take place in our times.

There once lived a very affable gentleman whose eye was exceeding bright and knowing, and the grasp of his hand was hearty and effusive, so that he was most pleasant to shake hands with; and many persons would make long journeys across the deserts and the oceans to have their hands shaken by him, feeling much delight and satisfaction at it. These would sit down before him—him that had the eye that was so bright and knowing—and would hold out their hands to be shaken; and he of the bright eye was so

affable that he would by no means make any charge, either great or small, for shaking their hands, but would shake them gratis, even for nothing.

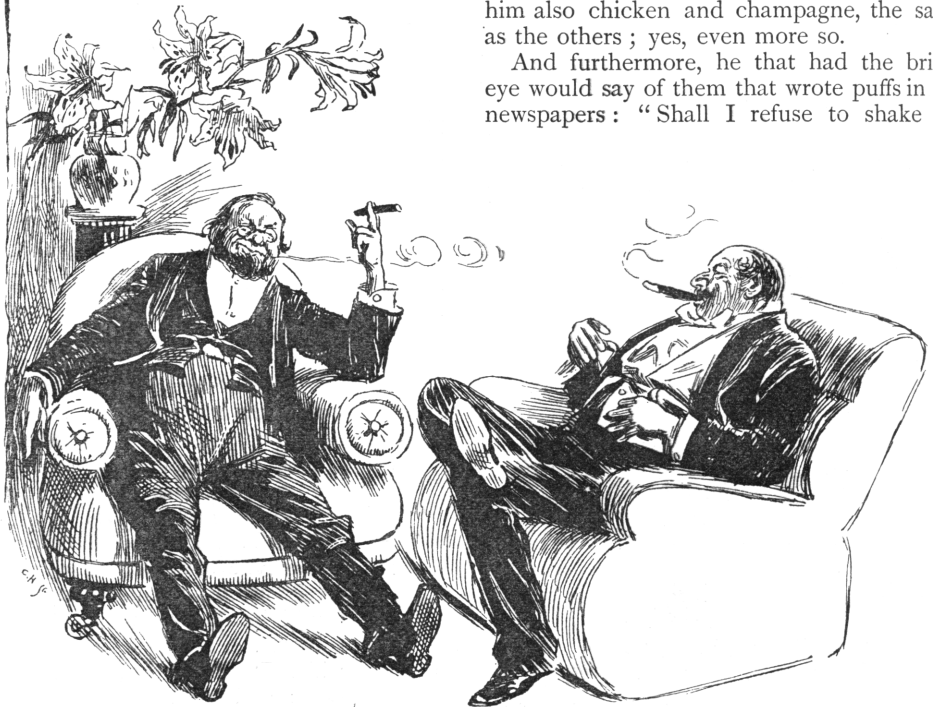
And this affable person, whose eye was knowing, would converse with all comers upon the most pleasant and attractive subjects, and this at any hour of the day or night which those persons might choose; nor would he ever refuse to talk upon subjects, either this subject or that, whichever might be the more pleasant; and for this conversing also would he make no charge, either great or small; and this thing greatly pleased and delighted his hearers.

Also he would exchange with them the most pleasant items of news that might be found in the daily papers; making this communion the more enjoyable by repeating to them the jokes from the comic papers, even the best jokes they contained.

Also he would ask after the health of their wives and families, and even of their cousins and distant relations; never churlishly refusing to inquire of the health of any relation, however distant; and for all this, too, did he make no charge, even the smallest charge.

But he who shall say that these things were all the pleasant things he did, shall say falsely and otherwise than the truth; for he did other things: he would make little feasts for those he knew, and the feasts were of chicken and champagne; and they that partook of his chicken and champagne were comforted, for they knew there would be no charge; therefore did they consume them freely until their

waistcoats were too tight for comfort; even as those do who know there is nothing to pay. So when those that knew him went away from sitting in front of



"THEIR WAISTCOATS WERE TOO TIGHT FOR COMFORT."

him they would say, one to another, with great satisfaction and joy, "He shook my hand seven times, and asked after the health of my great aunt"; or, "He gave me much chicken that was tender, and much sweet champagne, even too much," and they rejoiced, patting their digestions.

And there lived at this time another person who was quiet, and had a small professional business in a back street. And this party did not go forth of a morning to ask of the health of the wives and families of all he met; neither did he give little feasts which were of chicken and champagne. And his business was poor and of no account. Let us not talk of him.

And the affability of him that had the bright eye was large and liberal; so much that he would never say, concerning an influential person: "Behold, this is an influential person; therefore I will not shake his hand, neither will I give him little feasts of chicken and champagne, nor ask of the health of his wife and family."

And he would straightway treat the influential person as one would wish to be treated; asking after all his relations, even to the most distant, and even throwing in the relations of his wife; and he would give to him also chicken and champagne, the same as the others; yes, even more so.

And furthermore, he that had the bright eye would say of them that wrote puffs in the newspapers: "Shall I refuse to shake the

hands of these, and to entertain them with affable conversation, merely because they write puffs in the newspapers?" and he answered and said, "No." And he didn't. Nay, he gave them twice the amount of the chicken and also of the champagne, that they might by no means feel lonesome and out in the cold; and this to the great tightening of their waistcoats.

But there was one habit of him that had the bright eye, and this habit was the most affable of all the habits he had, which were all affable.

And this habit, which was more affable than the affability of all his other habits, was this: he would at all times of the day, and also of the night, embrace any he might meet that wrote puffs in the newspapers; and would straightway take them into the private bar and drink with them all manner of drinks, either hot or cold, either tall or short, as might the most please and comfort them; so



"CHAMPAGNE."

that when any two or three of those that wrote puffs in the newspapers should meet together they would say, the one to the other, "For he is a jolly good fellow!"

And these also were greatly comforted and full of joy.

Then he that had the bright eye, even he that shook hands in so affable a way, got introduced to the wives and families of them that wrote puffs in the newspapers; and, that the wives and families also might not feel lonesome and out in the cold, he gave them little things, both this little thing and the other little thing; so that there was no end of the little things which he gave them; for he would give them all manner of little things, even peaches and peppermint-drops, and parasols, and books, and birthday cards, and bric-à-brac. And their babies also would he treat with great honour, presenting them with corals and teething-rings. And these persons also were content.

And it came to pass that, after a while, those that wrote puffs in the newspapers became so filled with a sense of the affability of him of the bright eye, that when they sat

at their desks a-writing puffs for the newspapers, they would say within themselves: "As he is so affable, it stands to reason that the work of his hand must be very good and clever." So they did not examine his work (for it was not their business to examine any man's work; their business was to write puffs), but straightway set down in the newspaper: "His work is very clever; he is a great man"; yet they said no word in the newspaper concerning his affability, nor of his asking after the health of their wives and families.

And this thing grew upon them so that at length they could not forbear from putting mention of him into all subjects of which they wrote, even though these subjects had no connection with him; as, for instance, they would say: "The Queen held a Drawing Room on such a day. He of the knowing eye did not attend"; or, "So-and-so was condemned to penal servitude at the Central Criminal Court; but he of the knowing eye (whose work is so clever) had nothing to do with the case, and was not present"; or, "Shares are dull, but he is never dull," and so forth.

And these mentions were meant to be read by the Public, and the Public read them; and, moreover, they that wrote the puffs in the newspapers would often look

out from the door of the newspaper office as the Public went by and call out: "He of the knowing eye is a very great man"; and yet they never spoke of his being so affable and inquiring; nor did they call out to the Public from the door of the private bar.

But it is needful to explain who the Public were. They were a class or sect whose duty it was to be innocent and help-



"CORALS AND TEETHING-RINGS."

less and easily taken in, and there was exceeding great care exercised in the selection of those who were to be members of the Public; for the moment that one of them showed any aptitude for helping himself (especially any aptitude for helping himself to that which belonged to others) he was straightway cast out from being a member of the Public and was compelled to become a member of the Legislature, or of a county council, or of a vestry, or to take up some other capacity in which it was his duty to defraud the Public. And it was the duty

of the Public to believe all they were told (particularly what they were told in the newspapers), and to pay twice its value for everything: and they did their duty.

So in this wise, when the Public read in the newspapers how he of the knowing eye was a very great and clever man, they went about saying one to another, "He is a very great and clever man. Who is he?"

And all this while that other person who was quiet and had a small business in a back street, and did not ask after the health of the wives and families of them whose duty it was to write puffs in the newspapers; all this time he had holes in his boots and no jam on his bread. And his head was bald, and he had many lines across the forehead; and his waistcoat was very loose; and his name was MR. TALENT.

Then the Public began to inquire, saying "Who is he that has the bright and knowing eye, and what is his name?" For, when one would go about speaking of the greatness of a person, it is better that one should know his name; for, if one does not know his name, then one must needs identify him in



"MR. TALENT."

some other way, such as saying "He who wrote so and so," or, "He that drew such a picture"; the which thing is awkward when one knows nothing of his works, but only knows that he is a great man.

In such wise the Public wished to know his name; for in certain cases, when one of them would say, "He is a great man," another would say, "What has he achieved?" whereat the first must needs say, "I know not; but he is a great man, for the newspaper says so." Now, if the first speaker had but known his name, he might have answered to the question of the second, "Go to, Ignorance! Dost thou not know the works of A?"

So when the Public said, "What is his name?" those who wrote puffs in the newspapers replied with one voice, "His name is Mr. Talent."

And this was a strange thing, that they did not reply, "He is Mr. Affability," or "Mr. Shaker of the Hand"; but they said, "Mr. Talent."

Now when the Public heard this reply they were greatly puzzled; for the name on the door-plate of him who had the poor little business in a back street was "Mr. Talent." So they went to those whose duty it was to write puffs in the newspapers, and said, "Is he the brother of him of the back street?" And those others replied, "We know of no one in a back street. We know of no Mr. Talent except him who is affable and shakes hands frequently, and asks after our families, and drinks with us, and gives us chicken and champagne. There is no other Mr. Talent."

But the moment they had said these things they saw that they had forgotten themselves, and made a slip of the tongue. However, it was all right; for the Public, for all they were puzzled by it, did not understand the thing which had been said, being too foolish.

Now, when Mr. Talent, of the back street, heard of all this, he delayed for some time; and after that wrote a plaintive letter to the editors of the newspapers, saying that he was Mr. Talent, and the other was not. And the editors said to those whose duty it was to write the puffs: "Do you know this Mr. Talent, of the back street? Can he really be Mr. Talent?"

And then those others replied: "He cannot be Mr. Talent; for the only Mr. Talent we know always dictates to us what we shall say about his works in the puffs which it is our duty to put in the newspapers; and this one

hath never done this thing, so that he cannot be Mr. Talent. But for all that, we will go and inquire, that we may not be in error."

So they went to him that had the bright and knowing eye; and they inquired of him, saying, "Can this other really be Mr. Talent, instead of you?"

And he said, "Nay, he cannot be"; and straightway shook them all by the hand

So he went to him of the back street, and inquired of the matter, holding out his hand to be shaken, and stating that he had a family, and looking about on the table to see if the whisky and soda were there; but when he of the back street neither shook his hand, nor inquired of his family, nor gave him to drink, he said to himself that there could be nothing in it; yet, nevertheless, he got his editor to publish the letter, to the end



"HE SHOOK THEM ALL BY THE HAND SEVEN TIMES."

seven times, and made a great feast of chicken and champagne; and he also dictated to them many little pars about himself, the which they were to insert in the papers; and the pars ran thus and thus: "Mr. Talent, who is a very great man, has gone on a yachting cruise," and, "Among the guests at Marlborough House were the Marquis of A, and Prince B, and Mr. Talent," and so forth. And those that wrote the puffs went back satisfied to the editors; and the editors suppressed the letter of him of the back street.

Now, had he of the knowing eye not overlooked one of those whose duty it was to write the puffs, then would all have been well; but there was one of these whose hand he had forgotten to shake, and whose wife and family he had neglected to inquire after; so that this one, reading the letter of him of the back street, felt that there might be something in this thing, and that it was his duty to inquire, in order that justice might be done if necessary.

that he of the knowing eye might be reminded that he had not shaken his hand, nor done his duty.

And the Public read this letter in that newspaper, and were dreadfully puzzled and upset; so much so, that some among them began to believe that he of the back street *was* Mr. Talent; and there was great confusion and questioning; and everybody went about saying, "Who is the real Mr. Talent?"

Then said he of the bright eye to himself: "Shall I not go into partnership with this old Talent?" (For you see that he called the other by that name to himself, just as though he himself were not Mr. Talent, but someone else; the which is very curious to think of!) And he said, "This old Talent may be useful even to *me*; at least, I shall be as well with him as without him."

So he went into partnership with him of the back street who had no jam to his bread, and the next week they both came out of the back street and built a



"THE PUBLIC WERE DREADFULLY PUZZLED."

palace in the broadest thoroughfare, and set up gilded lamps, and a flag, and nine footmen in golden liveries, and had a trumpeter at the front door.

But when anyone called he was received by him with the knowing eye, and the hands that came to be shaken were shaken by him; and he that had been of the back street was not seen at all, but lived at the very top in an attic, and did the work. So then everyone was satisfied, and began to examine the works of Mr. Talent, and found them very good; and these were the same works which they had examined before, when they had been issued from the shop in the back street; but they did not recognise them.

And he from the back street was satisfied with this arrangement, for he was now able to have jam on his bread, and new boots.

And it came to pass one day, when he of the knowing eye was making a speech at a banquet in his honour, given by those who wrote the puffs and other admirers of ability, that he let fall from his pocket an envelope addressed to him by his mother.

Now he had always carefully burned these envelopes which he had received from his mother, so that no man might see them. And the principal organizer of the ban-

quet (who was a most Influential Person, and a Great Judge of Talent and Patron of Genuine Ability, and looked upon as a Most Discerning Critic) happened to pick up the envelope; and behold the name written upon the envelope was "MR. PUSH!"

So then the Great Judge of Talent bit his lip and turned pale and nearly choked; and all the others at the table, hastening to see what was upon the envelope which had so upset him, read the writing upon it; and when they saw that the guest of the evening was named "Mr. Push" instead of "Mr. Talent," behold they all bit their lips and turned pale and nearly choked.

But as for MR. PUSH (for that, indeed, was his name, for his mother must needs have known), he smiled more affably than ever, and went round the table shaking seven times the hand of each one present, and asking after the health of even their most distant relations.

And the next day, when their heads were cool, all the people who had been at the banquet thought that thing calmly out, the right side up; and they saw, even as one man, that no Mr. Push could possibly be admitted to exist.

For they said, "Have we not admired



"HE LET FALL FROM HIS POCKET AN ENVELOPE."

him as Mr. Talent, and raved about him, saying: 'He is a great man'? And shall we now say he is not Mr. Talent, as we fancied, but Mr. Push? No, indeed!"

So, behold, they all went in a body to call upon him, and to assure him that his mother was mistaken about his name, and that he was Mr. Talent.

And they put it fairly to him, saying: "Can we all, being Influential and Competent Appreciators, have made a mistake?" And he saw the force of their argument; and he frankly admitted that they could not have made a mistake, and that he was Mr. Talent.

Then Mr. Push (for that in truth was his name) said to himself: "I can now dispense with the partnership of old Talent, for will not my work do as well as his, now that it will not do for the critics to have made a mistake? And why should mere Talent take part of the profits that rightly belong to Push?" And he straightway went and turned out poor old Talent from the business, taking away his jam and his new boots—nay, even his bread which he had brought into the firm; and Mr. Push went on producing work on his own account; and the critics, and those whose duty it is to write the puffs for the newspapers (which two classes are by some considered to be identical), cried out louder than ever about his greatness, and told how he parted his hair, and how much mustard he ate, and what sort of hats he wore. And Mr. Push made so much money that he was knighted

for being rich; and then a very noble and generous thought occurred to him; and he said to himself: "If I shall be so magnanimous as to build an almshouse, and put old Talent into it, I shall be made a lord, because of my virtue and munificence."

So he builded the almshouse; and on the front of it he put a graven stone which nearly covered the front, and made it necessary to place the windows at the back; and on the stone was carven:—

"THIS ALMSHOUSE
WAS ERECTED BY
SIR TALENT

FOR THE BENEFIT OF A POOR RELATION."

But when he tried to find old Talent he could not.

Now at this time that writer of puffs who had not been shaken by the hand by Mr. Push, put it about that Mr. Push, and those others whose duty it was to write the puffs in the newspapers, were to be prosecuted for conspiring to make away with poor old Talent; but when Mr. Push had gone about and shaken the hands of the public prosecutor, and of the judges, and of such as might haply be called on the jury, and had asked after the health of their relations; it was publicly denied that there was to be any such prosecution, and Sir Push was made Lord Push and Baron Brazenfront.

And the day after that they found poor old Talent by the roadside, dead of starvation.

And that is the story of the Identity of Mr. Push.

J. F. SULLIVAN.



I g Cate/bye Guido faukes
 Henry Gar nett
 thapency Embroff Potessards
 Thomas wrotter
 Francis Tresame
 For the ryght honorable
 the Lord mounteagle
 F. W. Digby.

THE ABOVE PLATE EXHIBITS THE AUTOGRAPHS OF SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL CONSPIRATORS IN THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

ROBERT CATESBY.—Taken from an original letter from Catesby to his cousin, John Grant, entreating him to provide money against a certain time. This autograph is very rare. GUIDO FAUKES.—Taken from his declaration made in the Tower, on the 18th November, and afterwards acknowledged before the Lords Commissioners. When first apprehended he called himself John Johnson, and it was not until his third examination he confessed his name was Guy Fawkes. THOMAS PEECE.—From an original letter to W. Wyldiff, Esq., of York, date at Gumborough, November and, 1605. HENRY GARNER.—From one of his examinations, wherein he confessed "too bluddy," a pilgrimage to Winfred's Well. AMBROSE ROOKWOOD.—From an original letter, declaring that he had felt a scruple of conscience, the fact seeming "too bluddy," to THOMAS WINTOUR.—From an original examination before the Lords Commissioners, on the 15th November, 1605. FRANCIS TRESAM.—From his examination relative to the book on Equivocation. TRESAM escaped being hanged by dying the 17th of December, 1605. SIR EVERARD DIGBY.—From an original examination. He was related to John Digby, subsequently created Baron Digby and Earl of Bristol, and was a young nobleman of considerable talent. He was in the 24th year of his age when executed. TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD MOUNTAEGLE.—The superscription alone is not a forgery, but the body of the letter is entirely spurious. By whom it was written still remains a mystery. The Conspirators were married and had families; several of them possessed considerable property, and were highly, and in some instances nobly, related.

Club Types.

By H. MAXWELL BEERBOHM.



GREEN ROOM.



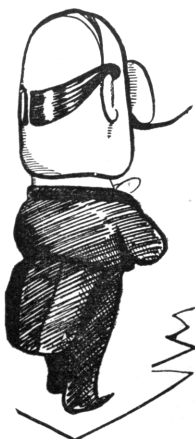
ISTHMIAN.



BACHELORS'.



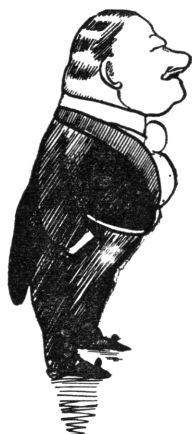
ST. STEPHEN'S.



MARLBOROUGH.



CONSTITUTIONAL.



CORINTHIAN.



SAVILE.

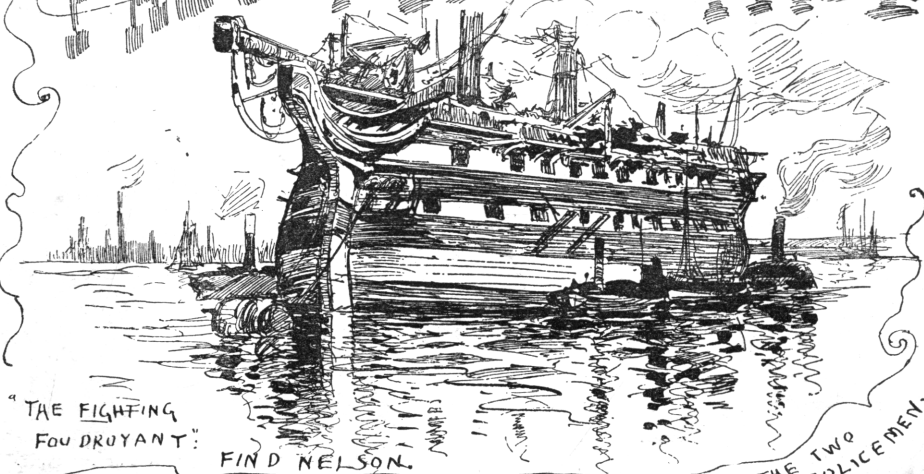


ATHENÆUM.

STOP THIEF! & FIND HIM.



PAL'S PUZZLE PAGE



PAL